



# THE CELTIC REVIEW

Consulting Editor: PROFESSOR MACKINNON

Editor: MRS. W. J. WATSON  
(MISS E. C. CARMICHAEL)

JANUARY 1912

The Scot in America and the Ulster Scot. The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, . . . . .	289
The Gaelic Version of the <i>Thebaid</i> of Statius— <i>continued</i> . Professor Mackinnon, . . . . .	318
A Highland Goddess. Donald A. Mackenzie, . . . . .	336
The Literature of the Scottish Gael. Rev. Donald Mac- lean, M.A. (Edinburgh), . . . . .	345
Topographical Varia—V. W. J. Watson, LL.D., . . . . .	361
Cluich na Cloinne—Children's Games. The late Rev. Father Allan Macdonald, . . . . .	371
Book Reviews, . . . . .	376

Page

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# **THE TRIAL OF SIMON, LORD LOVAT OF THE '45**

**EDITED BY**

**DAVID N. MACKAY, Glasgow**

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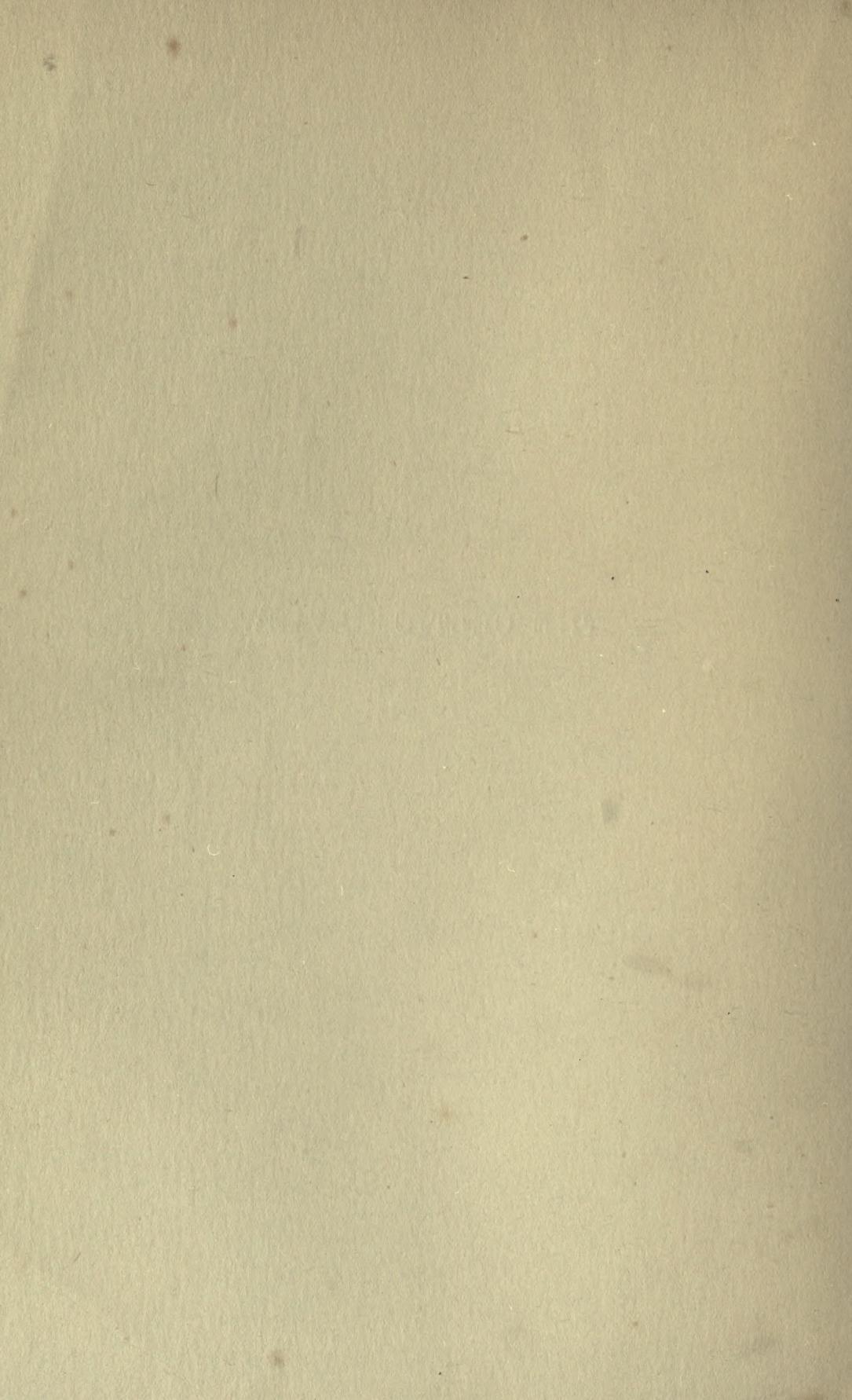
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'When we say that this volume is edited by Mr. David N. Mackay, whose volume on the Appin murder in the Scottish Series of Notable Trials was in many ways the best of that Series, we have said enough to lead readers to expect an interesting and a carefully compiled book, and they will not be disappointed. Mr. Mackay knows his period, and he knows the Highlands and Highland history, so that he was admirably equipped for the task he set himself. And in a sense it was no easy task, for so much has been written of "Simon of the '45," and his motives have been subjected to much examination and criticism, that the mass of material which any one attempting to arrive at a true understanding of the man has to wade through, is bewildering. This task, however, Mr. Mackay has successfully accomplished, and the result is that his introduction is an excellent summary of Simon's career, and places both the man and his actions in their true perspective.'—*Inverness Courier.*

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**THE CELTIC REVIEW**



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CONSULTING EDITOR: PROFESSOR MACKINNON

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Breton Village, . . . . .	<i>E. C. Watson,</i> . . . . .      97
Advocates' Library Gaelic MS. LVIII, . . . . .	<i>Rev. George Calder, B.D.,</i> . . . . .      52
A Highland Goddess, . . . . .	<i>Donald A. Mackenzie,</i> . . . . .      336
A Postscript to 'The Battle of Raith'—and, the Origins of Bernicia and Lindsey, . . . . .	<i>E. W. B. Nicholson,</i> . . . . .      81
Aras of the Sea, . . . . .	<i>St. John Whitty,</i> . . . . .      10
Celtic Notes, . . . . .	. . . . .      187
Cluich Na Cloinne—Children's Games, . . . . .	<i>From the MSS. of the late Rev. Father Allan Mac- donald,</i> . . . . .      371
Helgebiorn the Heathen, . . . . .	<i>Alice Milligan,</i> . . . . .      36, 146, 249
In Memoriam : Alfred Nutt (1856- 1910), . . . . .	<i>Eleanor Hull,</i> . . . . .      148
Landavensium Ordo Chartarum—	<i>Alfred Anscombe,</i> . . . . .      63
MacEwens and MacSweens, . . . . .	<i>Niall D. Campbell,</i> . . . . .      272
Note, . . . . .	. . . . .      288

## THE CELTIC REVIEW

	PAGE
Old Irish Song, . . . . .	<i>Alfred Perceval Graves, M.A., . . . . .</i>
	174
Pan-Celtic Notes, . . . . .	88
 Reviews of Books:	
The Instructions of King Cormac Mac Airt ( <i>reviewed by W. J. Watson</i> ) ; Fianaigecht ( <i>reviewed by W. J. Watson</i> ) ; The Rulers of Strathspey ( <i>reviewed by A. M.</i> ) ; Selections from Straeon y Pentan ( <i>reviewed by H. I. B.</i> ) ; Aig Tigh na Beinne ( <i>reviewed by K. M.</i> ) ; Old-Lore Miscellany of Orkney, Shetland, Caithness and Sutherland ; Orkney and Shetland Records ; Caithness and Sutherland Records ; Betha Colmain Maic Luachain ; Life of Colman, Son of Luachan ; Hail Brigit : an Old-Irish Poem on the Hill of Allen ; Onomasticon Goedelicum Locorum et Tribuum Hiberniae et Scotiae : An Index, with Identifications, to the Gaelic Names of Places and Tribes ( <i>reviewed by W. J. Watson</i> ) ; Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry,	
	92, 284, 376
Songs of Wales, . . . . .	<i>H. Idris Bell, B.A., . . . . .</i>
	15
The Dual Number in Gaelic, . . . . .	<i>Professor Mackinnon, . . . . .</i>
	1
The Gaelic Version of the Thebaid	
of Statius, . . . . .	<i>Professor Mackinnon,</i>
	106, 204, 318
The Literature of the Scottish	
Gael, . . . . .	<i>Rev. Donald Maclean, M.A. (Edinburgh), . . . . .</i>
	345
The Mabinogion as Literature, . . . . .	<i>Miss E. J. Lloyd,</i>
	164, 220
The Pictish Race and Kingdom, . . . . .	<i>James Ferguson, K.C.,</i>
	18, 122
The Scot in America and the	
Ulster Scot, . . . . .	<i>The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James,</i>
	289

## CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

Thugar Maighdean A Chuil-	
Bhudhe, . . . . .	<i>Alexander Carmichael, LL.D.,</i>
	138
Topographical Varia, . . . . .	<i>W. J. Watson, LL.D.,</i> 68, 361
Two Gaelic Runes, . . . . .	<i>Kenneth Macleod, . . . . .</i> 50
Who Was Mairearad Nigh'n	
Lachainn ? . . . . .	<i>Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair,</i> 193



# THE CELTIC REVIEW

JANUARY 1912

## THE SCOT IN AMERICA AND THE ULSTER SCOT<sup>1</sup>

THE HON. WHITELAW REID

I CANNOT thank you too warmly for this reception on a platform which has been graced during the long history of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution by so many of the most eminent men of letters and statesmen of the United Kingdom. In discharge of the duty with which you have honoured me I have ventured to think that your interest might be best enlisted in some account of what has been done by pioneers of your own Scottish blood, when given the larger opportunity of the new world. The Puritan in America has had his day, and generous, perhaps sometimes too generous, British recognition. So has the Cavalier. It is full time for the Scot in America, and for the Ulster Scot.

No man may presume to depreciate either the Puritan or the Cavalier. But, when they are praised—as they must be for ever while heroism and great achievements are honoured among the generations of men—the praise should be for what they did, rather than for what they conspicuously did not do. The Puritan did not seek a new world to establish liberty of conscience—far from it.

<sup>1</sup> An address delivered by the American Ambassador to the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, November 1911.

He only sought a world where he could impose his own conscience on everybody else. The Cavalier did not seek a new world where he could establish universal freedom. He only sought freedom to have his own way. Even for the early Scottish emigrants sent out to him he had no use save as bond-servants. Later on he found them also useful as Presidents.

Neither the Puritan nor the Cavalier went to America in resistance to tyranny. The Puritans who sought to resist tyranny stayed in England, in the Army with Fairfax, while those who felt otherwise escaped to the Colonies. The Cavaliers in the main left England for America when the Commonwealth Army had defeated them.<sup>1</sup>

Neither the Puritan nor the Cavalier, when at liberty to work out their own ideals, established popular government in the new world, though the Puritans were much farther from it than the Cavaliers. Under the Puritans no man could vote unless he were a church member, and in good standing with the church authorities. Under the Cavaliers piety may not have been so essential, but freedom from any debt for service was, and no man, even no white man, could vote without it.

The Puritans, as we have seen, did not seek a land of religious freedom, nor did they make one. They drove Roger Williams out because he was a Baptist. They tried Quakers for heresy, bored holes in their tongues with hot irons, and if after this, any confiding Quaker trusted himself again to the liberal institutions of the colony, they hanged him. They tried old women for witchcraft, and hanged them. As late as 1692 Cotton Mather himself rode from Boston to Salem to witness the hanging of another minister, George Burroughs, for the crime of not believing in witchcraft, and, according to most authorities, not only approved, but actively encouraged the atrocity. If you should be inclined, however, to judge the Rev. Mr. Mather harshly for this, and by modern standards, let me remind you of the fact that sometime afterwards, the same Cotton Mather

was decorated with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by your own University of Glasgow !

Neither Puritans nor Cavaliers led in the struggle for freedom of speech and of the Press. That honour belongs to a Scot, Andrew Hamilton, who went in 1695 from Edinburgh to America, where he rose to be Attorney-General of Pennsylvania. Forty years later he defended the New York printer, Zenger, in a trial for libel on the Royal Governor, which was construed as libel on the King. Your former citizen defied official threats, resisted the bitterly unfriendly court, and by his impassioned eloquence fairly wrested an acquittal from the jury, and secured the freedom of speech and of the Press ever since enjoyed in America—sometimes, perhaps, over-enjoyed.

Neither Puritans nor Cavaliers began the demand for ‘no taxation without representation’ which became the shibboleth of the Revolution. This formula appeared first in 1740, when the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania used it in a controversy with the governor and the proprietary party. ‘The King,’ declared the Assembly’s resolution, ‘claims no power of levying taxes without the consent of Parliament. There should be no taxation without representation.’

Neither Puritan nor Cavalier kindled the popular flame for independence. Two years before James Otis’s famous speech in the Boston Town House in 1761, Patrick Henry, a Scot, had done that in Virginia, in the defence against the noted ‘Parsons’ Cause.’ Here he maintained the indisputable right of Virginia to make laws for herself, arraigned the King for annulling a salutary ordinance, in the sole interest of a favoured class, and said ‘by such acts a king instead of being the father of his people degenerates into a tyrant and forfeits all right to obedience.’ The Court exclaimed ‘Treason,’ but the jury brought in its verdict against Patrick Henry’s clients for one penny, and thus ‘the fire in Virginia’ began. It may interest you to

remember that the mother of the orator who started it was a cousin of your historian Robertson and of the mother of Lord Brougham.

A later episode in the Virginia House of Burgesses blew this fire into a furnace flame. Patrick Henry introduced resolutions prompted by the Stamp Act, declaring that the inhabitants of Virginia inherited from the first adventurers and settlers of that Dominion equal franchises with the people of Great Britain ; that taxation by themselves or by persons chosen to represent them was the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom ; that the General Assembly of the whole colony have now the sole right to lay taxes on its people, and that any attempt to vest such power in any other persons whatever tended to destroy British as well as American freedom. These resolutions were violently resisted by the Royalists ; but Patrick Henry rose above himself in urging their adoption, and finally burst out with the exclamation, now one of the most familiar passages in all our revolutionary oratory : ‘ Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus ; Charles I. his Cromwell ; and George III.—’ ‘ Treason,’ shouted the Speaker, ‘ Treason ’ echoed back from every part of the House. But Patrick Henry had heard that cry before ; and, with blazing eyes fixed on the Speaker, fearlessly resumed his sentence : ‘ and George III. may profit by their example.’ So this perfervid Scot of yours not only carried the House, but sent the flame for independence through every colony on the continent—never from that hour to die out.

I have thus enumerated some of the abatements from the prevalent unmixed eulogy of our Puritans and Cavaliers which are absolutely necessary to historic accuracy. In spite of them, those self-sacrificing pioneers, brave beyond comparison, and rigidly conscientious according to their lights, have always received, and will always receive ample justice for the unparalleled work they really did. They were the first in the field. They bore with heroism the

privations and braved the perils of those who first burst into a savage world ; and both privations and perils were beyond any modern conception. The original Pilgrims were of such stuff that, when their first dreary winter compelled them to bury half their entire number, and the slow-coming, cheerless summer drove the survivors to incessant toil amid constant danger to lay up some store for another winter, Governor Bradford, of immortal memory, summoned them to come together at the end of the scanty harvest—for what ? To give thanks to Almighty God for the signal mercies He had vouchsafed them ! As great literary ability was developed among the descendants of these men, it is small wonder that such devotion has since been celebrated at its full worth ; and perhaps somewhat to the disadvantage of later comers, who were more concerned with doing things than with recording things done.

Puritans and Cavaliers had possession of the field for the first half of the seventeenth century. The Scottish immigration began in the second half. It never had the advantage of concentration in one colony, like the Puritans in Massachusetts or the Cavaliers in Virginia, or even like the settlements of the Quakers and Germans in Pennsylvania. It began, too, under circumstances that made the misfortunes of the Puritans and the Cavaliers seem almost enviable. The first notable Scottish arrivals were those shipped on the boat *John and Sara* in 1652. They were prisoners of war, captured by Cromwell after the battle of Dunbar, and sentenced to be transported to the American plantations, and sold into service. Similar shipments of prisoners of war, and then cargoes of convicted criminals, followed. After a time there sprang up also a system by which poor men secured transportation to the new and cheap lands of the colonies by selling in advance their services for a term of years. And yet, so rapidly did eager followers tread the steps of the involuntary immigrants that only a third of a century after the first

shipload of Scottish prisoners to be sold into service was landed at Boston, a Scottish missionary, the Rev. James Blair, of Edinburgh, was founding one of the oldest of American colleges, William and Mary, in Virginia. In the century then almost dawning that Scottish educational foundation in the South was to graduate many notable students—among them one certainly who has given the whole world cause to remember him and the stock that trained him—Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence.

Such, briefly stated, was the modest début of the new and greater force in American development: Scottish prisoners of war, transported and sold into service; convicted Scottish criminals, transported and sold to get them out of the way; poor but aspiring Scottish lads, selling themselves into service to get a chance in the new world; pious young men from Scottish universities, trying to found like educational centres in the wilderness, for the glory of God. They were nearly half a century behind the Cavaliers in making their start, nearly a third of a century behind the Pilgrims. But the tortoise did not lose the race.

During the next sixty-seven years, till the accession of George III., the Scottish immigration slowly increased. According to the statistics of the Board of Trade, the white population of the several colonies, in August 1755, was 1,058,000, thus divided:—

Puritan colonies (New England), 405,000.

Cavalier colonies (Southern), 303,000.

Dutch, Quaker and Huguenot colonies (Middle), 350,000,

That was America when George III. came to the throne. Even yet the Scot had not clearly fixed his own stamp on any one of the colonies, or on any large section of one, but in many places there was now an important Scottish infusion that began to leaven the lump.

Thus shortly after the arrival of the *John and Sara* prisoners, other Scottish fighting Presbyterians were brought

out in the same way, and became founders of colonies on the Elizabeth River in Virginia, and in Maryland. Many inhabitants of North-western Scotland, especially the clans of Macdonald and Macleod, were induced to emigrate ; and their reports drew after them whole neighbourhoods from the Isles of Raasay and Skye. Bladensburg in Maryland, the Cape Fear region, and Wilmington in North Carolina, the York and Rappahannock Rivers in Virginia, and the vicinity of Albemarle Sound were all places at which such colonies were established.

In 1736 an emigrant company of Highlanders started New Inverness in Darien, Georgia ; and Oglethorpe, eager for such protection for his young colony on the side nearest the Spaniards in Florida, paid them a formal visit, wearing Highland costume, and with the pipes playing before him. Presently a rude fortification was pushed out towards the Spanish frontier, which was given the significant name of Fort St. Andrew.

In 1738 an Agyllshire man, Captain Laughlin Campbell, took eighty-three families from his own neighbourhood to be established on a grant of 47,000 acres, which he had obtained on the borders of Lake George, New York. They named their tract Argyll. In 1764 their little company was incorporated, with a truly Scottish list of trustees, Alexander M'Nachten, Neil Gillespie, Neil Shaw, and Duncan Reid, and presently M'Raes, Campbells, and Livingstons appear among the leading settlers. Scottish Presbyterians were largely settlers in Putnam County, New York ; others in Dutchess County, New York, among them a Scottish family of Starks, of whom the country was presently to hear more.

Various Highland regiments completed their terms of service during the war with France for the possession of North America, and others were disbanded at its close. Considerable numbers from all of them got grants of land for settlement, and stayed in the Carolinas and Virginia.

The Rev. John Livingston, of Ancrum, a follower of

John Knox, in the Scottish Kirk, started to America, in 1636, with other Scots and some English Puritans. But the *Eagle Wing* on which they were embarked was driven back from mid-Atlantic by a violent storm. Livingston made no further effort to emigrate to America, but resumed his life in Scotland, and had a conspicuous career, ending twenty-seven years later in banishment for non-conformity. Soon after his death, his younger son, Robert Livingston, took up his father's interrupted plan, reached America, and was presently established in a small office at Albany under the Colonial Government. His influence over the Indians and his aptitude for affairs so commended him to the royal governor, that thirteen years later he was given a concession for a large tract of land on the Hudson. George I. confirmed it, and made him Lord of the Manor. Thus this orphan waif from the Ancrum manse prospered in the new land, and became the founder of an important revolutionary family. Both son and grandson of the Ancrum dominie held posts of prominent public service throughout their lives ; while the next generation numbered among its members a President of the New York Provincial Congress of 1775, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and that Governor of New Jersey who liberated his own slaves, officially recommended the abolition of slavery, and secured the passage of an act forbidding the importation of slaves. A generation later there came in one branch of the family three brothers and three sisters, who all led lives of value and public significance. The eldest son was Chancellor Livingston, member of the committee which framed the Declaration of Independence. He administered the oath of office to George Washington as First President of the United States. Jefferson sent him as Minister to France, where he negotiated the purchase of Louisiana. On his return he associated himself with Robert Fulton in the application of steam to navigation. One of his brothers, Henry B. Livingston, was a gallant Revolutionary officer. Another brother, Edward Livingston,

codified the laws of Louisiana, and later became Secretary of State under Andrew Jackson. The three sisters in this one Scottish family became the wives respectively of John Armstrong, Secretary of War under James Madison, of Governor Morgan Lewis, of New York, and of General Richard Montgomery.

This last was an Irish officer of the British Army, of Scottish blood, and a student of St. Andrews. He served under Wolfe and Amherst in America, gained the friendship of Edmund Burke, Isaac Barré, and Charles James Fox in London, finally sold out from the army, and returned to America in 1773 to marry and settle down. He had spent but two short years of married life, when he was seized by reason of his military record for a brigadier-generalship in the Continental army. His duty sent him back over the field of his early experiences in Canada, and finally brought him with Benedict Arnold under the walls of Quebec. There, while gallantly leading his men in the attack, he fell. The British commander, Sir Guy Carleton (first Baron Dorchester), had previously served with Montgomery, and now took pains to give him honourable burial. Provoked at an eulogy on him in the House of Commons by Edmund Burke, Lord North said : 'I cannot join in lamenting the death of Montgomery as a public loss. Curse on his virtues ! They 've undone his country. He *was* brave, he *was* able, humane and generous ; but still he was only a brave, able, humane and generous rebel.' The reply of a statesman came from another friend of ours, Charles James Fox : 'The term of rebel is no certain mark of disgrace. The great assertors of liberty, the saviours of their country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, have been called rebels.'

Forty-two years later New York reclaimed this honoured soldier for state burial with every tribute of national pride in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he still lies, in Broadway's central roar, under the marble monument selected for him in Paris by Benjamin Franklin. As the

boat sent by the State to bring back the hero, surrounded by all the trappings of military glory and sadness, approached Montgomery Place, the home on the Hudson he had been building for his bride when he was summoned to the war, she who had waited all these years for his return, appeared on the verandah to see him pass. What wonder that, when the solemn convoy rounded the point, when the funeral music was heard, and the flag of her country dipped low to convey to the faithful, grey-haired widow the affectionate gratitude of the State and nation, she was overpowered by the contending emotions of pride and grief and loneliness with her dead, and fell fainting to the floor.

Another portentous Scot, born in Kirkcudbrightshire in 1747, went to Virginia when thirteen years old, left it thenceforward only in the course of his seafaring life, and was able long afterwards to say: 'I had the honour to hoist with my own hands the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the Delaware, and I have attended it with veneration ever since, on the ocean.' Some of this ocean service was such that his old country put a price of ten thousand guineas on his head. His new country thought it worth the first captain's commission in her navy, gave him command of all American ships in European waters, tendered him the thanks of Congress, and after the close of the war voted him a gold medal. A Scottish audience, considering this brave and brilliant contribution from their country to the American Navy, recalling some mitigated local grievances, but remembering also the careful atonement, the magnificent seamanship and courage, and the undeniable, the world-wide fame, may very possibly find refuge where Scottish people so often do, in their proverbial philosophy, and decide that if Admiral Paul Jones was ower bad for blessing, he was certainly ower good for banning.

If they wish, however, to exercise the undeniable gifts of the race for banning there is another famous Scottish

American sailor whom we might turn over to them with less reserve. This man, the son of a clergyman, was born at Greenock, about 1650. He first appears in America in 1691, when the New York Colonial Assembly voted him its thanks for services to the commerce of the colony, and later gave him the more substantial reward of £150. Then Governor Bellamont took him up, and sent him out on a roving commission to sweep the coast of pirates—a task he discharged so well that he was now given £250. Then he set up as a home-made pirate himself, filled the marine world with stories of Captain Kidd's exploits, and half our coast with stories of Captain Kidd's buried treasures. At last Lord Bellamont succeeded in arresting him. England tried him, and he was hanged in chains in Execution Dock. And yet Burns, who even had pity for the devil, might well have held a brief for a worse man than this fellow Scot. Those were wild days on the sea ; even Great Britain had her press-gangs, and sent out slavers, and it may be that local magnates in the colonies, after the fashion of the times, thought it no harm to encourage (for mutual benefit) a 'gentleman adventurer,' as the tolerant phrase was, in relieving Spaniards, and 'others beyond the pale,' of their doubloons and silks !

There can be no difference of opinion as to the services of another great Scotsman, born at Yester, in the domain of your neighbour, the Marquess of Tweeddale. He was a lineal descendant on his mother's side from John Knox, and had already a distinguished career here, when in 1768 he yielded to a second call from Princeton University, and became its President. He brought it to a place among the foremost educational institutions of the land, and impressed upon it, as some one has said, the Scottish and Presbyterian thoroughness it maintained all through, from Witherspoon to M'Cosh. He took besides a high-minded citizen's part in all the fervid activities of the times ; was directly responsible for the settlement in Rye-gate, Vermont, in 1774, of the Scottish colony under General

James Whitelaw, which founded Caledonia County ; encouraged other Scottish immigration ; and lived to wield great influence in the Continental Congress, and to write the name of John Witherspoon on that bead-roll of foremost Americans, the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is, perhaps, what might have been expected from the John Knox blood.

Many a son of Scottish Presbyterians in America has been drawn to the grave of Ralph Erskine, a great man of their faith, in the picturesque burial ground beside a noted old church in Dunfermline ; but his reverence for the famous divine has been tinged with a warmer feeling, from hiš remembrance that this Presbyterian seceder's son was sent to America in charge of what are now known as the Cooper and Hewitt ironworks at Ringwood, New Jersey, from which place he rose to be the trusted Chief of Engineers on the staff of George Washington.

It was in isolated cases like these, and in scattered communities, that the Scottish immigrants, during the earlier part of George III.'s reign, from 1742 to 1776, had come to make themselves felt as leaders, even among the Puritans and Cavaliers. They attained, too, an altogether disproportionate influence through their education, their energy, and their sturdy principle—and also, let it not be forgotten, through a native thrift that often made them the wealthiest citizens in their respective communities.

But it is now time to take into account another stream of Scottish immigration—the Ulster Scot. This term is preferred to the familiar ‘Scotch-Irish,’ constantly used in America, because it does not confuse the race with the accident of birth, and because they preferred it themselves. An Irishman's ready wit in his own case bars out the other name. Since he was born in Liverpool, the census enumerator was setting him down as English, when he indignantly interrupted : ‘Sure, and is it any rayson for calling a man a horse because he was born in a stable ?’

And, in fact, if these Scottish and Presbyterian colonists must be called Irish because they had been one or two generations in the north of Ireland, then the Pilgrim Fathers, who had been one generation or more in Holland, must by the same reasoning be called Dutch, or, at the very least, English-Dutch.

In this new source of Scottish settlers in the colonies the blood is the same, and the religious faith is the same, but they had been sent from Scotland to the North of Ireland one, two, or three generations before ; some by James I., others by Cromwell ; while others went later, attracted by cheap farms and fancied opportunities for trade. After a time they began to suffer from unfriendly English legislation, from Episcopal persecution, and from the hostility of the expelled British monarch, James II., which among other things forced them to their long and heroic defence of Londonderry. These experiences turned their eyes after the Scotsmen already prospering in the American colonies, and presently a great movement began among the Ulster Scots. In 1718 five small ships arrived at Boston with about seven hundred and fifty of them, who ultimately settled, some at Londonderry, New Hampshire, in a Presbyterian congregation under the care of the Rev. James MacGregor, some in Boston, some at Worcester, Mass., and near Portland, Maine. A year later some hundreds more of Ulster Scottish families were brought to the Kennebec river in Maine by Captain Robert Temple, an ancestor of the well-known Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts. These and succeeding parties from Ulster soon made a considerable element in the northern New England population.

William Penn was a man of business, and as such he found it to his interest as early as 1682 to secure as many Scots as possible for a second colony in which he was concerned, that of New Jersey. Its eastern portion was largely occupied by them, and its character to this day is still more largely moulded by their influence.

Meantime the religious freedom which Penn did establish, while the Puritans did not, combined with the milder climate and the cheaper land, began to divert the further flow of Ulster-Scottish immigration from its earlier field in New England to Western Pennsylvania. By 1725 they had made such an impression there that the Governor, James Logan, declared, 'It looks as if Ireland were to send all her inhabitants. If they continue to come, they will make themselves proprietors of the province.' Only a little over a century and a half later, Pittsburg alone was proprietor of more than that, and its Congressman, John Dalzell, was able to say of his town in the American phraseology, that 'it is Scotch-Irish in substantial origin, in complexion and history—Scotch-Irish in the countenances of the living, and the records of the dead.'

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, in spite of the long start of the Quakers and the Germans, it was believed that one-third of the entire population of Pennsylvania was of Ulster-Scottish origin. As early as the middle of that century, the number of Presbyterians (Scots and Ulster Scots) scattered through all the colonies was reckoned by Dr. Charles Hodge, author of the *Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church*, at largely above a hundred thousand, perhaps nearly two hundred thousand, as against the total number of Puritans that ever came, which he puts at about twenty-one thousand. By the time of the Zenger trial in New York the Presbyterians were far the most numerous there, outnumbering the Dutch Reformed or the Church of England membership.

In 1736 an Ulster Scot, Henry McCulloch, settled between three and four thousand of his countrymen on a land grant of 64,000 acres, in what is now the County of Duplin, North Carolina. A few years later a steady stream of Ulster Scots was pouring into Philadelphia, some going west towards Pittsburg, and still farther, to Kentucky and Tennessee, others turning south sooner and filling the valleys of West Virginia, the western parts of North and South

Carolina, and even Georgia, with rough clearings, log-cabins, school-houses and Presbyterian churches. As early as 1729, five thousand of them entered Pennsylvania alone in a year. After the famine it was estimated that twelve thousand of them reached the colonies every year. A renewed movement began in 1771, and by the end of 1773, it was reckoned that thirty thousand more of them had come. One authority, a New England historian, counts that between 1730 and 1770, at least half a million souls were transferred from Ulster to the colonies, more than half the Presbyterian population of Ulster, and that at the time of the Revolution they made one-sixth of the total population of the colonies. Another authority fixes the inhabitants of Scottish ancestry in the nine colonies south of New England as about three hundred and eighty-five thousand. He counts that less than half of the entire population of the colonies was of English origin, and that nearly or quite one-third of it had a Scottish ancestry.

That was your numerical responsibility, then, for the War of Independence. Your intellectual and moral responsibility was far more. It was no author with Scottish blood in his veins, it was the typical New Englander, George Bancroft, who closed his account of the incoming of the Ulster Scots with these words :—

‘They brought to America no submissive love for England ; and their experience and their religion alike bade them meet oppression with prompt resistance. We shall find the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain come not from the Puritans of New England, or the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.’

In March 1775, Patrick Henry, the Scot, uttered in St. John’s Church, Richmond, the fateful and famous words : ‘It is too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. The war is in-

evitable, and let it come ! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death.' Two months later the Ulster Scots adopted the notable Mecklenburg resolution, declaring that the joint address of the two Houses of Parliament to the king had virtually 'annulled and vacated all civil and military commissions granted by the Crown, and suspended the constitutions of the colonies'; that 'the provincial congress of each province is now invested with all the legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of the colonies.' Rules were subsequently adopted 'for the choice of county officers, to exercise authority by virtue of this choice and independently of the British Crown, until Parliament should resign its arbitrary pretensions.' When asked how they reconciled in their consciences this action with their oaths of allegiance, they boldly answered : 'The oath binds only while the king protects.' The next step was natural. The old House of Burgesses, elected under the Royal Charter, met and dissolved in May 1776 ; and a new government was set up for the colony. Its famous Bill of Rights, preceding by two months the Declaration of Independence, contained this utterance, notable if not startling for a Cavalier and Episcopal colony : 'All men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience.' The influence of one Scot, Patrick Henry, is said to have originated and carried this, and the language in which it was passed, was drafted by James Madison, the pupil of another Scot, Witherspoon, of Princeton.

A few months later came the Declaration of Independence, summing up the conclusions to which for years the Scots and Ulster Scots had been leading. Out of the fifty-six members who composed the Congress that adopted it, eleven were of Scottish descent ; and among them were

such conspicuous leaders as John Witherspoon, of New Jersey, James Wilson of Pennsylvania, Philip Livingston of New York, and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina. At the momentary and natural hesitation to 'put their necks in a halter' by signing this document after its adoption, it was one of these Scots, John Witherspoon again, who came to the front and carried the day. 'He that will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions,' he said, 'is unworthy the name of freeman. For myself, although these grey hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hand of the public executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country.' On that appeal of a Scotsman born, the Declaration was signed. We guard it now, sacredly preserved in the handwriting of the Ulster Scot who was the secretary of the Congress; it was first publicly read to the people by an Ulster Scot, and first printed by a third Ulster Scot. Well might Froude write in another century: 'The foremost, the most irreconcilable, the most determined in pushing the quarrel to the last extremity were those whom the bishops and Lord Donegal and company had been pleased to drive out of Ulster.'

Before this, the next gale had brought from the North, as Patrick Henry predicted, the clash of resounding arms, and again Scotsmen were in the front. At the first news of the skirmish at Lexington, John Stark, an Ulster Scot, of Londonderry, started for Cambridge, hurriedly gathered together eight hundred backwoodsmen, and marched with them towards the sound of the enemy's guns at Bunker Hill. It was there, facing the well-fed British troops, that he gave the still remembered order, 'Boys, aim at their waist-bands.' A Scot from Fifeshire was on the staff of General Warren in the same action. After Nathaniel Greene, the other most noted general officers from New England were John Stark and Henry Knox, Ulster Scots, and John Sullivan, an Irishman. Three others of Scottish

origin were among Washington's major-generals at the close of the war, William Alexander of New Jersey, Alexander M'Dougall of New York, and the gallant and pathetic figure of Arthur St. Clair. Out of his twenty-two brigadier-generals nine were of Scottish descent, and among the generals no longer in the ranks at the close of the war a similar proportion had been maintained.

Two of the most noted battles in South Carolina, where half the population was Ulster Scottish, were those of King's Mountain and Cowpens. At the first, five of the colonels were Presbyterian ruling elders, and their troops were mainly recruited from Presbyterian settlements. At the Cowpens, General Morgan, who commanded, and General Pickens were both Presbyterian elders, and most of their troops were Presbyterians. Several other Presbyterian elders held high commands in the same state throughout the war.

One of the greatest achievements of the war was so far in the west that not till long afterwards was its importance realised. This was the rescue of Kentucky, and of that whole rich territory north-west of the Ohio, subsequently forever dedicated to freedom by the famous Ordinance of 1787, from which five states were formed. For that momentous work, carried on in obscurity, while attention was concentrated on the seaboard colonies, without encouragement, and with the scantiest means, but with skill and with heroism, we are indebted to General George Rogers Clark, a Scottish native of Albemarle County, Virginia.

When the States gained their independence, and it came to framing a constitution for the new nation, out of fifty-four members of the Convention, twelve were of Scottish descent. But here, as on many other occasions, the Scots-men weighed far more than their numbers would indicate. Of the college-bred men in the Convention over one-half were of Scottish descent.

One of them stood easily at the head, and for pure intel-

lectual eminence and the genius of statesmanship, outranked, then and till his premature death, any other living American. This was that marvellous West Indian boy, half Scottish, half Huguenot French, Alexander Hamilton, who came to America for an education at the age of fifteen, who persuaded King's College to let him take its curriculum in less than the prescribed four years, who left it to plunge into the popular discussions at the outbreak of the war, addressing effectively tumultuous public meetings and writing powerful appeals ; who was a captain of New York Artillery at nineteen, private secretary to George Washington at twenty, and at twenty-four the dashing soldier who led the assault on Cornwallis's first redoubt before Yorktown. At twenty-five as a member of Congress, he did his best to restrain the unwise persecution of the defeated Loyalists, and the discreditable repudiation of debts into which the victorious side were plunging, and did not hesitate to oppose Clinton, the powerful leader in his own state. At twenty-nine he was the controlling spirit in the Annapolis Convention, which prepared the way for, and called the Convention that next year secured, the 'more perfect Union,' and framed the Constitution of the United States. His thirtieth year found him not the most conspicuous or talkative member of that body, but easily the one wielding the most influence in favour of a strong government, and realising his more important ideals in the historic document it framed—the first successful Constitution for a great free government, the one that has lasted the longest and achieved incomparably the highest results.

To draft such a Constitution had been a task of the highest statesmanship. To secure its adoption from jealous and jangling states, which did not like it and did not care for the more complete union for which it provided, was a greater task, and at the outset even more hopeless ; and in this Hamilton, now a young man of thirty, did the most valuable work of his life. Always a leader of men, he

carried the timid but singularly persuasive Madison a long way in favour of a strong government in the convention, and now enlisted him as a most efficient aid in commending their plan to the people. The result was a great book, published first in short essays in the daily newspapers ; then collected into *The Federalist* ; and studied now, after the lapse of a hundred and twenty-five years, as still one of the most vital and cogent presentations of the principles of successful popular government known to the literature of the world. The plan was Hamilton's, and most of the work was his. Out of eighty-five papers he wrote over fifty ; Madison perhaps twenty-five ; John Jay a few.

So far as the Press could secure the adoption of the new form of government, *The Federalist* did it. But there remained the need of personal influence in the doubtful states, and most of all, of a gallant and powerful popular leader to confront the vehement opposition of Clinton, the New York forerunner of Tammany. At the outset, two-thirds of the New York Convention, and four-sevenths of the people were hostile to the Constitution. After a six weeks' struggle, in which Hamilton was the constant leader, and after a vehement closing speech, the head of Clinton's forces rose and admitted that 'Mr. Hamilton had removed his objections.' Even yet Clinton himself continued the struggle. At last Hamilton's messengers brought news that Virginia had been carried ; and then New York, which began with an hostile majority of thirty-five, ratified the Constitution by a majority of three. When Hamilton returned from the Convention to his home, the whole city hailed him as the victor, and met him with music and flags and processions.

He was now thirty-one years of age. Only sixteen years more were left him ; but in that time he did two other things, on either of which alone a great reputation might have securely rested. He served in Washington's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. It was a period when the Treasury was empty, when repudiation of public

and private debts due in Great Britain discredited, and persecution of the Tories, lowered the new Government in foreign eyes. Yet at home this disastrous policy was not only popular, but support of it was held a proof of patriotism. Hamilton set his face against it like flint, and soon gave such a check to repudiation, and brought such order into the disordered finances as to justify the familiar eulogium passed upon his work thirty-five years later, by Daniel Webster: ‘He smote the rock of national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet.’ Furthermore, he gave the new, unorganised Treasury Department the organisation which has served it ever since—making in it, as before in the Constitution, a provision for the wants of a people of three millions, so well devised that when they have grown to ninety millions it is still found adequate.

Then this young man, only thirty-eight even yet, whose life had been spent in camps, in Constitution making, and in the Cabinet, turned to the most exacting of the professions, and in the remaining nine years conquered a place as a great lawyer, inferior to no other in that nation of lawyers. At forty-seven he fell in an unprovoked duel, without even aiming at his antagonist.

If any Scotsman, at home or abroad, has a loftier record of more varied achievements, then there is more reason than any of us have hitherto realised for still greater pride in the land and in the blood! I venture to rank this grandson of Alexander Hamilton, of Grange, in Ayrshire, and of the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Pollock of that Ilk, as the foremost Scottish contribution to America, in that most critical and formative period—indeed as the foremost contribution from any part of the world. James Wilson, a Scotsman, born at St. Andrews, deserves always to be remembered in connection with the constitutional part of the career just described. He approached Hamilton himself as closely as a great lawyer, the first legal scholar of

his time and place, and perhaps then the head of the American bar, could approach one who, besides being a statesman of commanding and many-sided ability, was a man of genius. Wilson was also a signer of the Declaration, and a most useful and influential member of the Convention that framed the Constitution. In most cases, he gave his whole influence with Hamilton and Madison against the self-destructive plans of State Sovereignty, and for a strong government. When it was set up, Washington put him on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, where he remained in increasing usefulness till his death in 1798.

On that great court as Washington first organised it, three of the four Associate Justices were of the same blood, one a Scot and two Ulster Scots. When the first Chief Justice, John Jay, left the bench, his successor, John Rutledge, was an Ulster Scot. Washington's first Cabinet contained four members. Two of them were Scots, and a third was an Ulster Scot.

Among the first Governors for the new State Governments set up by the colonies, nine (two-thirds) were of either Scottish or Ulster Scottish origin:—George Clinton, of New York, Thomas M'Kean, of Pennsylvania, William Livingston, of New Jersey, Patrick Henry, of Virginia, John MacKinley, of Delaware, Richard Caswell, of North Carolina, John Rutledge, of South Carolina, Archibald Bulloch, of Georgia, and Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut.

The same tendency is marked throughout the list of men who have filled the great office of President of the United States. Eleven out of the whole twenty-five, nearly one-half, were of Scottish or Ulster Scottish origin. The ancestry of James Monroe is not wholly clear, but most of the authorities agree that his father was of what they call Scottish Cavalier descent, from a family that emigrated to Virginia in 1650. Andrew Jackson was born in South Carolina, two years after his parents, Ulster Scots, had

emigrated from Carrickfergus, County Down. James K. Polk was the descendant of Ulster Scots from County Londonderry, who came to Maryland about 1690. James Buchanan was the grandson of Ulster Scottish parents who came to Pennsylvania in 1783 from County Donegal. Andrew Johnson was the grandson of an Ulster Scot who settled first in Pennsylvania, and then removed to North Carolina about 1750. General Ulysses S. Grant was, on his mother's side, a descendant of Ulster Scots who settled in Pennsylvania about 1763. Rutherford B. Hayes was the descendant of George Hayes, who emigrated from Scotland to America about 1680. Chester Alan Arthur was the grandson of Gavin MacArthur, of Ballymena, County Antrim. Stephen Grover Cleveland was, on the mother's side, an Ulster Scot. Benjamin Harrison, among the greatest of recent presidents, came of one of the families most conspicuous in America for high public service through successive generations. He was, on the father's side, of Cavalier origin, the grandson of a President, and great-grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence ; on the mother's side a descendant of an Ulster Scot named M'Dowell. William M'Kinley was of Ulster Scottish descent. Theodore Roosevelt, on the father's side, is of Dutch origin ; on the mother's side is a descendant of Alexander Bulloch, the Scottish first Governor of the State of Georgia.

Of the twenty-five men whose names fill the shining roll of the American Presidency, nearly one-half chose Secretaries of the Treasury of Scottish descent, and nearly one-third chose Secretaries of State of the same blood. In the Treasury, besides the great figure of Alexander Hamilton, we recall such men as Louis M'Lane (one of my own honoured predecessors at this post, while his son was my immediate predecessor in France), Thomas Ewing, one of the foremost lawyers of the country, Thomas Corwin, the nearest rival to Henry Clay as a popular orator, James Guthrie, and that noble pair chosen by Lincoln, Salmon P.

Chase, of Ohio, and Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana. Nor in this brief reference to Scottish service to the Treasury should it be forgotten that when Robert Morris undertook to raise money for the starving army during the Revolution, one-third of the total amount came from the Ulster-Scottish Society of Sons of St. Patrick, in Philadelphia. In the State Department no names shine brighter than the Scottish ones, from Edward Livingston and John C. Calhoun to James G. Blaine, John Hay, and P. C. Knox.

Of the new men who came upon the stage in the second quarter of the Republic's existence, three were by common consent pre-eminent, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, and Henry Clay. One was Scottish, Daniel Webster, whose ancestor, Thomas Webster, came to New Hampshire in 1636 ; one was Ulster Scottish, John C. Calhoun, whose grandfather, James Calhoun, emigrated from Donegal to Pennsylvania in 1733 ; and the third, Henry Clay, has been claimed as Ulster Scottish by some writers.

In all the historic achievements of Scotland is there any more remarkable than this conquest of leadership in a new land by men half a century behind other and strong races in entering upon the scene ?

Still, like the rest of the world, you will have to take the bitter with the sweet. These Scotsmen beyond the Atlantic were not always a credit to you. Aside from the leadership they displayed, Scotland can prize no laurels from the record of Captain Kidd, the pirate ; or of her sons from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who in 1763 inaugurated lynch-law in America ; or of Callender, the professional libeller and blackmailer, who began yellow journalism in the United States, and took pay for persistently libelling, first George Washington, then Alexander Hamilton, then John Adams, and finally Thomas Jefferson. It was of him that one of the most graphic of our recent historians, M'Master, wrote : 'As destitute of principle as of money, his talents, which were not despicable, were ever up for sale. The question with him was never what he wrote, but

what he was to be paid for writing.' With all our advances in civilisation, perhaps that breed has not yet entirely died out on either side of the Atlantic.

In America Scotsmen have not often figured as leaders of lost causes; but the President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, and his Secretary of War, John C. Breckenridge, who had been the late Vice-President of the United States, were of that blood. Another leader in a cause that seemed lost, but ended first in an independent nation, and then in peaceful annexation to the United States, was Sam Houston, President of the Republic of Texas, and first representative of the State of Texas in the United States Senate. In our great Civil War among many leaders of Scottish descent on the Union side, the names of Grant, M'Pherson, M'Dowell, M'Clellan, Gillmore and Frank Blair will occur to all. On the Confederate side were Joseph E. Johnson, one of our very ablest losses; James Longstreet, J. E. B. Stuart, and one more, to name whom is enough to shed an undying lustre over the ranks of the lost cause. It was another Presbyterian ruling elder :—

We see him now—the queer slouched hat,  
Cocked o'er his eye askew;  
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,  
So calm, so blunt, so true;  
The 'Blue-light Elder. . . .'

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!  
Old Massa's going to pray.  
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff:  
Attention!—it's his way.  
Appealing from his native sod,  
In *forma pauperis* to God,  
'Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod.'

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!  
Steady! the whole brigade.  
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win  
His way out, ball and blade.

What matter if our shoes are worn ?  
What matter if our feet are torn ?  
Quick step ! we're with him before morn :  
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The anti-slavery movement which led to our Civil War began among the Scottish and Ulster Scottish immigrants ; but not in New England. That is a prevalent delusion, which the brilliant writers of that region have not always discouraged. But the real anti-slavery movement began in the South and West, largely among the Scottish Covenanters of South Carolina and East Tennessee, twenty to thirty years before there was any organised opposition to slavery elsewhere, even in Massachusetts. The Covenanters, the Methodists, and the Quakers of East Tennessee had eighteen emancipation societies by 1815. A few years later there were five or six in Kentucky. By 1826 there were one hundred and forty-three emancipation societies in the United States, of which a hundred and three were in the south, and as yet, so far as known, not one in Massachusetts. As late as 1833, the gentlest and sweetest of American anti-slavery poets, John G. Whittier, the Quaker, was mobbed in Massachusetts for attempting to make an Abolition speech. John Rankin, the noted Covenanter anti-slavery leader, said that it was safer in 1820 to make Abolition speeches in Kentucky or Tennessee than at the North ; and William Lloyd Garrison said in Massachusetts, in 1833 that he was surrounded by contempt more bitter, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen than among slave-holders themselves.

During the whole period from the Revolution to the Civil War, the indomitable Ulster Scots, chiefly from Pennsylvania and the South, were pouring over the Alleghenies, carrying ever Westward the frontiers of the country, forming the advance guard of civilisation from the Lakes to the Gulf, fighting the Indians and the wild beasts, subduing and planting the wilderness, westward to the Mississ-

sippi. Of this conquering race, Theodore Roosevelt says in his *Winning of the West* :—

'It is doubtful if we have wholly realised the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. These representatives of the Covenanters were in the West almost what the Puritans were in the North-east, and more than the Cavaliers were in the South . . . They formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march Westward.'

Count then that enormous principality that lies between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River as a Scottish conquest ; and then turn to more recent conquests by individual Scotsmen. We have spoken of Robert Fulton, backed by Chancellor Livingston, as the pioneer steamboat builder. But there were two others, also of Scottish origin, in that field, William Henry and Joseph Rumsey. The telegraph depends to-day, all over the world, on the inventions of Joseph Henry and S. F. B. Morse, both of Scottish origin. The telephone comes closer to you still, for Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh, while Thomas A. Edison's mother, Mary Elliott, was also of Scottish blood. So was Cyrus M'Cormick, who brought the wheatfields of the United States and Canada to your doors by the invention of his reaper. To that great list might well be added the man who built the first steamship to cross the Atlantic ; and many of the leading railway builders and operators, from Strathcona and Mount Stephen, over the invisible border, in Canada, and their efficient ally in New York, John S. Kennedy, to the managers of one of the greatest of Eastern railways, the Pennsylvania, which has been almost continuously in the hands of men of Scottish blood, Thomas A. Scott, J. N. M'Cullough, James M'Crea, Robert Pitcairn, Andrew Carnegie, Frank Thomson, and A. J. Cassatt. In the same list may well be included great ironmasters, from Grant,

who built the first iron-furnace west of the Alleghenies, and John Campbell, the Ohio Scot, who first used the hot-blast in making pig-iron, to Andrew Carnegie, in whose colossal operations the iron and steel manufacture seemed to culminate.

If I have spoken casually of one of your Scottish contributions as our first professional blackmailer, let me hasten to add that the early fast printing-presses were developed by Scott, Gordon, and Campbell ; that the fast stereotyping process necessary to complete their usefulness came also from an inventor of Scottish blood ; that the first American newspaper, *The News-Letter*, was published in Boston by John Campbell ; that the first newspaper in the great 'territory north-west of the Ohio River' was published at Cincinnati by William Maxwell ; that the first religious newspaper was also started by a Scotsman of Chillicothe ; and finally that the two most noted editors in the United States were James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley, the one a Scot, the other an Ulster Scot. One of them may be credited with the conception of the modern newspaper as a universal news-gatherer, and the other, 'our later Franklin,' as Whittier called him, with the most efficient use ever made of it in America for the popularisation of noble political conceptions, their development in a triumphant political party, and in the overthrow of human slavery.

Let me close with a mere reference to our leading humorist, the most loved of American authors. Diplomacy knows him as one of our earlier ministers to Spain, New York knows him best by Diedrich Knickerbocker and Peter Stuyvesant and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. He is still remembered, even in this land of great writers and of the richest literature of modern times, as the author of the *Sketch Book* and of *Bracebridge Hall*. Washington Irving was born in New York, a few years after his parents had arrived from Scotland.

If these remarks, too tedious I fear, and yet quite

inadequate, have not entirely failed of their purpose, they must have shown how greatly your own sons are responsible for the separation, for the War of Independence, for the conquest of the Mississippi Valley, for the Constitution, for the administration of the Government, for the anti-slavery movement, and for the Civil War. If you think ill of this work, and of the record of the Republic, then I have at least dealt faithfully with you after the manner of your pulpit and 'set your transgressions in order before you.' If, on the other hand, as I venture to hope, you think well of our work, then I am here to acknowledge with gratitude our large indebtedness to the Scottish race and blood for its inspiration and its success. A popular song by your foremost poet was really our Declaration and our Constitution, 'writ large' :—

The rank is but the guinea stamp ;  
The man's the gowd for a' that,

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,

That man to man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Since then we have grown into a nation of ninety millions, beyond comparison the largest body of English-speaking people in the world. We have not forgotten our origin or our obligations. In all parts of the Continental Republic, hearts still turn fondly to the old land, thrilling with pride in your past, and hope for your future, and joining with you, as we have reason to join, in the old cry 'Scotland for ever.'

THE GAELIC VERSION OF THE THEBAID  
OF STATIUS

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

(Continued from page 219)

GAELIC TEXT

Acus is amlaid ro uai in tech sin acus dered idbarta do ronondad<sup>1</sup> leiseom and. Acus adbert-som re muntir : 'Atdaitar<sup>2</sup> lib tendti lasamna lan-mora acus athnuithtar<sup>3</sup> lib fleda fir-mesca fiana.' Is ann sin ro erig seastan acus seiselb re h-imad acus re h-imluad muntiri in rig, re freastal acus re fritholam na fleidi sin. Acus ro ergeadar dream dib re dergad imdad do pellaib cimsacha corcarglana, acus d'imsingib ailli orda, acus do chearchaillib caema clum-dergaib ;<sup>4</sup> acus dream aile re freastal acus re furfunnad na sudrull solusta co slabradaib ailli ordaib imfulaing eistib ; acus dream aile dib ac luad acus<sup>5</sup> luchtair-eacht (a) feola na fleidi sin ; acus dream aile dib ac saethar acus ac suigigud na m-bairgen comshuaiti cruithnechta ar miasaib coimdenmacha cruindi. Ua h-anius acus ua h-aibnius<sup>6</sup> re h-Adraist bruth acus borrfad, teasuach acus tindenus a muintri ac frithaileam in tigi taeb-alaind sin.

Is ann sin ro suidestar in ri diumsach delredach sin in a rig-suigi ro-denmach do chnamaib ailli elifinnti.<sup>7</sup> Ro shuigsetar imorro is in leith aile in tigi sin .. Polinices acus Tid, ar n-indmad acus ar n-asaic doib. Ro uatar in dias (s)in ac sillead acus ac sir-sillead<sup>8</sup> uar a chele. Is ann sin adubairt Adraist, in ri sona seanorda sin, buimmi acus ban chometaid a ingen do thabair(t) chuci .. Acheist,<sup>9</sup> acus adrubairst Adraist ria Achaist dul ar ceand na n-ingén sin. Acus tangadar na h-ingina caema comcosmaile sin is in tech, acus ua dirgitir losa liac gnuisi acus aichthi na n-ingén sin, acus ba baine linscoit lenead ar n-a lan-glanad in fecht

<sup>1</sup> ronadh.    <sup>2</sup> adhaintar.    <sup>3</sup> atánuaidhíter.    <sup>4</sup> so Eg.    <sup>5</sup> Eg. aida ac.    <sup>6</sup> Eg. aida mor.    <sup>7</sup> Ed. eisfati.    <sup>8</sup> sir-dechain.    <sup>9</sup> Atheast.

## ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Now in the palace at this time a sacrifice which (the king) had offered was being concluded. And he said to his attendants : ‘ Kindle great blazing fires, and make ready fresh banquets with generous wines.’ Thereupon there was bustle and din because of the number and activity of the king’s servants preparing and ministering for that feast. Some set about arranging beds with fringed skins of purple colour, with beautiful golden borders, and with soft pillows of feathers ; others attending to and trimming bright lamps hung with beautiful and strong chains of gold ; others moving and carrying the meats for the banquet ; and others labouring at arranging the well-kneaded loaves of wheatmeal upon richly finished round plates. A pleasure and delight it was to Adrastus to observe the eagerness and energy, the heat and hurry with which his people served in that palace of beautiful walls.

Thereafter that proud, stately king sat on his throne richly adorned with beautiful elephants’ tusks.<sup>1</sup> Moreover Polinices and Tydeus, after washing and bathing themselves, sat down in the opposite side of the room. These two were looking and ever gazing at each other. Then the happy, aged King Adrastus asked Aceste, the nurse and guardian of his daughters, to be brought to him, and he said to Aceste to bring the maidens. The beautiful girls, undistinguishable in appearance, came into the room, and as red as the eye-bright at one moment, and as white as a linen-smock fully dressed at the next, were the faces and

<sup>1</sup> Th., i. 525.

Fol. 4a 1. araill, ri met na naire ro gob iat<sup>1</sup> ac sinead<sup>1</sup> acus ac faicsin na fear caem<sup>2</sup> coimthech.<sup>3</sup> Et is ann sin tangatar d'ind-saigi<sup>4</sup> a n-athar, acus ro shuidsetar in a fhiadnais. O ra tairnead acus o ro tairmiscead a n-geri<sup>5</sup> acus a n-accorus ro curead a miasa comchruindi cumtha uaithib. Dorastar in taisech cuanna comoil in crandoic comfhéacair<sup>6</sup> cumdachta d'or acus d'argad co n-ilbrechtugud delb acus torathar in talman inti il-lamaib<sup>7</sup> in rig uasail Adraist mic Iasis mic Danaus mic Foreneus. As ann sin [adbert] Adraist: 'A occu,' ar se, 'in feadauar-si ca fath ma n-(d)enmait-ni na h-idbarta-sa gacha bliadna?' 'Na d'(fh)eatamar-ni,'<sup>8</sup> ar siad. 'Is ed ua bes ac Grecaib,' ar se, 'in nuair do berthea'<sup>9</sup> ar no imned forro idbarta do denam 'n a aigid. Acus tabraid-si uar n-airi ris, acus indesait-sea daib fatha na n-idbarta-sa . . . nathair suaichnid secht-fhillti granna gnuis-garb gaisidech eitech luaimneach lan-neimneach dar ba comainm Fítón ro bai ac indruid is in delbda deil.<sup>10</sup> Et o t'chualaig Apaill in ni h-i sin tanic do chathugud ris in nathraig, ar ua leisin fein in t-inad caem coisertha sin. Acus ro thoitestar in nathair sin re h-Apaill amlaid sin o chrechtaib dear Mara diarmide,<sup>11</sup> co n-tacmaiged<sup>12</sup> acus co n-timchelled cet laa ar in nathair sin ar maig<sup>13</sup> shlebib Sirra.

Et as a h-aithli sin tanic Apaill remi co tigib saidbri suaichinti soneamla co h-aird-rig na n-Grec . . . co Crothtopus.<sup>14</sup> Acus is amlaid ro bai in ri sin acus so . . . ingine glegloine genmnaidi aicci. Acus tuc in ingen sin grad n-dermar do Apaill. Acus is tair side do chuaid Apaill ua cleith ar bru shrotha niam-gloin Neim. Acus ro bai in n-ingean sin torrach co cend *noi* mis, airt bis gach bean, acus ro thuisim-si mac maisech min-alaind muirneach i clithir diamraib na coilled cruime craebaige. Acus tucastar si da altrom é d'aroil buachaill is in t-shleib ua comneasa di, uair ba h-eail le a h-athair da thabairt a aithbir fuirri.

<sup>1-1</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>2</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>3</sup> Eg. adds do rinne siat sin.

<sup>4</sup> d'a n-innsaigi.

<sup>5</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>6</sup> comeagair. <sup>7</sup> a laim.

<sup>8</sup> Ni fedamar.

<sup>9</sup> bertai.

<sup>10</sup> dil.

<sup>11</sup> di-airme.

<sup>12</sup> tachmaingedh.

<sup>13</sup> mad.

<sup>14</sup> Crotopus.

countenances of these modest maidens on viewing and seeing these handsome comrades. They then went towards their father and sat down beside him. When they appeased and checked the edge of their hunger, the round, well-shaped plates were removed. The sedate director of the liquors placed in the hands of the noble king Adrastus, son of Iasis son of Danaus son of Phoreneus, a goblet handsomely adorned with gold and silver, and chased with figures and monsters of the earth. Then Adrastus said : ‘ Young men,’ said he, ‘ know ye why we make these yearly sacrifices ? ’ ‘ We do not know,’ said they. ‘ It was a custom with the Greeks,’ said he, ‘ when slaughter or calamity overtook them to make sacrifices to avert it. And give your attention while I tell you the reason for these (special) sacrifices. There was a celebrated serpent in seven-fold coil, hideous, rough-visaged, hairy, bristly, ever-wriggling, very venomous, called Python, which devastated the region of Delphi of Delos. When Apollo heard of this he went to fight the monster, for that fair, consecrated place was his. The serpent fell thus of very great and innumerable wounds by the hand of Apollo, after he had compassed and surrounded it for a hundred days on the level slopes of Cyrra.

‘ Thereafter Apollo fared forward to the sumptuous, conspicuous, spacious mansions of Crotopus, the high king of the Greeks.<sup>1</sup> And thus was that king with a (marriageable) daughter, bright, pure, and chaste. The girl loved Apollo with a passionate love. And it was on her account that Apollo dwelt in secret on the bank of the pure, bright stream of Nemea. The girl was pregnant for nine months, the period of women, when she gave birth to a beautiful, lovely, darling boy in the recesses of the wood of bending boughs. And she gave [the child] to be nurtured to a certain cowherd in a hill hard by, for she dreaded her father’s up-

<sup>1</sup> Th., i. 571.

Et ro h-oilead in mac sin il-leptaib feoir acus fidnemid, acus ua dosaib diamraib digaindi darach. Acus is ed ua h-adbur cotalta do'n naidin<sup>1</sup> sin .. fetana ceol-bindи cocuasta do senm do. Fechtus ro bai-sium amlaid sin in a codlud d'eis a oiti, do uanic cuanart cres-oslaicthi<sup>2</sup> confadach chuici acus aduadar<sup>3</sup> e. O t'chualaig mathair in mic sin .. ingen Crotopus, ro linastar do gul acus do golgaire na h-inlesa riga ro-fhairsinga. Acus ro indis da h-athair sin. Acus ni thanic cridi inn athar uirri, acus ro marbad aicci h-i. Cid tra acht ba h-olc re h-Apaill a ben do marbad, acus ro faideastar-sum<sup>4</sup> torathar dermar demnach dasachtach

Fol. 4a 2. d'indred in tire acus in talman in n-(d)igail a mna. Acus is amlaid bai in torathar sin acus<sup>5</sup> delb mna o cichaib suas fair sin, co nathrachaib duaibsecha dub-glasa ac deligud a dilleachta im a ceann. Acus as e ni do nid techt is na tigib [acus] macaim acus min-daine do breith a h-ochtaib a maithrech acus a mumed<sup>6</sup> acus i n-ithi.

Is ann sin imorro ro bai gilla oc ae(te)gach<sup>7</sup> beoda mear mor-memnach do Grecaib .. Corebus. Acus nir fhuiling do side in t-imnead acus in t-edualang ro fhuirim<sup>8</sup> ar lucht in tire acus in talman. Acus tanic remi cu comruc da sligid ar cínd na nathrach sin. Acus is amlaid ro bai in nathir sin acus maccaem cechtar a da lam acus a h-ingni croma cruad-gera ac tarring a n-inni acus a n-inathair acus a cride da compur a cleb. Acus do rone Corebus cipi comdaingean catha da muntir in a timchull, acus ra saideastar in cloideam leatarthach lan-mor ro bai in a laim i compur a cleb acus a cridi, co ra thoit cen anmain. Acus atclois<sup>9</sup> ua na Grecaib sin. Et ro gab faelti dermar do-(fhu)lachta iat. Acus ro thinoilsead uile da h-indsaigid. Acus is e ni do nitis bera athgera iaraind do sagud tre n-a h-aigeadaib acus tre n-a h-indib. Agus<sup>10</sup> ro bai do met tedma<sup>10</sup> in torathair co na cromdais eoin na h-ethaidi na coin na cuanart ar a apach.

<sup>1</sup> mac.

<sup>2</sup> foscailti.

<sup>3</sup> aduaghdar.

<sup>4</sup> curastar-sum

<sup>5</sup> Ed. ..

<sup>6</sup> a m-bumed.

<sup>7</sup> etedach.

<sup>8</sup> imir.

<sup>9</sup> O do clos.

<sup>10-10</sup> ro medigh acus ro att.

braiding. And the boy was reared in beds of grass and grove, covered over by the foliage of noble oaks. He was lulled to sleep by the music of hollow, melodious reeds. At one time, as he was asleep in this wise in the absence of his foster-father, there came a furious dog with wide-open mouth and devoured him. When the mother of the boy, the daughter of Crotopus, heard this the spacious grand courts of the palace rang with wails and shouts of lamentation. She told her father of the matter. But his heart did not relent towards her, and he slew her. Now Apollo was wroth at the slaying of his wife, and to avenge her he sent a huge, devilish, furious monster to devastate the land and territory. And thus was that monster, with a woman's figure from the breasts upwards, and with hideous dark-grey serpents in the parting of its tresses round its head. And it was its practice to enter dwellings and to snatch boys and infants from the bosoms of their mothers and nurses and devour them.

<sup>1</sup>Now there was a young Greek warrior, by name Corebus —youthful, brave, gallant, and high-spirited, who could not bear to see this calamity and suffering wrought upon the people of the country and land. And he went forward to meet that serpent and fight it. And thus he found it with a boy in each of its two hands, and with its curved hard and sharp nails pulling their bowels and entrails and hearts into the hollow of its trunk. Corebus made a strong battle phalanx of his men around it, and he thrust the great deadly sword which was in his hand into the hollow of its chest and heart, so that it fell lifeless. All Greece heard of the deed, and the people were filled with very great and unfeigned joy. They all gathered round the monster, and what they did was to thrust sharp-pointed, iron prongs in its joints and entrails. And so great was the plague from the monster that neither birds nor vultures, nor dogs nor beasts of prey would alight upon its mangled carcase.

<sup>1</sup> Th., i. 605.

‘Et ua móo fearg Apaill im an n-gnim sin na ma gach ni aile d'a n-dernad ris. Is ann sin imorro tucastar Apaill tedmanda imda uruada<sup>1</sup> ar na Grecaib uili co coitchenn, acus ar in cathraig Larisa do sonrud. Acus<sup>2</sup> ar sin ro iarfaid ri Grec do Apaill .. Crotopus: Craed ro dingebad dib na neoill tened acus na tedmanna sin ro uatar ac a milliud tre fheirg Apaill? Acus adubairt Apaill: ‘Denad in milid ro marb in nathraig,’ ar se, ‘idbarta damsia.’ Is ann sin adrubaist Corebus re h-Apaill: ‘Do den-sa idbarta dit,’ ar se, ‘du m’deoin fen, acus tabair<sup>3</sup> acus dena orumsa in n-(d)igail do bera, acus leic oenur na Grecu.’ Acus o do ronne Corebus idbarta ro saerad é fen, acus ro saerait na Gre(i)c ar cheana. <sup>4</sup>‘Do nimit<sup>4</sup> gacha bliadna,’ ar se Adraist, ‘na h-idbarta sin in n-onoir Apaill.’

Acus o tharnic re Adraist in scel sin do indisin, ro iarfaidestar do Thid acus do Polinices: ‘Cuich sib,’ ar se, ‘a fhíru? Acus ro indis in darna fer uaib damsia conaid e<sup>5</sup> mac Oenius mac rig na Calidone, acus innisead in fer aile dam cuich h-e,<sup>6</sup> uair is uair cubaid comraid.’ Acus<sup>6</sup> ro crom-astar in fear trebar Tiauanda sin a cheand .. Polinices, acus ro d’(fh)ech secha uar Thid acus adubairt: ‘Is nar limsa am,’ ar se, ‘a innisin mo bunad ceneoil iter na h-inataib caema craibthecha<sup>7</sup> cosearctha. Acus cidead,’ ar Fol. 4b 1. se, ‘is do shil croda<sup>8</sup> Caithim mic Agenoir dam; acus is e m’(fh)erand dileas dearrscaitheach cathach confadach in Teib; acus is i mo mathair .. Iochasta.’ Acus is ed uadera dosam gan ainm a athar do rada ar a met a nairi leiseom in chuil sin. Is ann sin imorro adubairt Adraist: ‘Craed ma celfidea-su orainde sin,’ ar se, ‘uair ni fuil ua ceathar airdib na cruindi nech nach cualaig col acus crodacht in chiniuda th(n)uthaich Tiauanda? Acus dan ni fuil acaind erich na ciniud<sup>9</sup> cen chol.<sup>10</sup> Acus dena-su fen maith,’ ar se, ‘acus na h-indtamlaid na h-uilc in chinid<sup>11</sup> da uili.’<sup>12</sup> Et a haithli in chomraid sin re Polinices adubairt Adraist:

<sup>1</sup> urbadach.

<sup>5</sup> Eg. adds Tid.

<sup>9</sup> cinel.

<sup>2</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>6-6</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>10</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>3</sup> tarr.

<sup>7</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>11</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>4-4</sup> so Eg.

<sup>8</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>12</sup> fhuilid.

'Apollo was more wroth at that deed than at any other thing done in his despite. And now he inflicted many and grievous pestilences upon all the Greeks generally, and specially upon the city of Larissa. Then Crotopus, the king of the Greeks, inquired of Apollo what would save them from the clouds of fire and the pestilences which were destroying them, because of the anger of Apollo. Apollo said: "Let the warrior who slew the serpent," said he, "make sacrifices to me." Corebus then said to Apollo: "I shall make sacrifices to you," said he, "of my own free-will, and do thou bring and inflict upon me the vengeance thou exactest, and let the Greeks free." And when Corebus offered the sacrifices, he himself was saved and the Greeks as well. We have [since then] made these sacrifices yearly in honour of Apollo,' concluded Adrastus.

When Adrastus finished the relating of this tale he inquired of Tydeus and Polinices:<sup>1</sup> 'Who are you, men?' said he. 'One of you has told me that he is son of Oeneus, son of the king of Calydon; let the other (now) tell me who he is, for this is a fitting time for talk.' Then the discreet Theban, Polinices, bent his head, looked aside towards Tydeus, and said: 'I am shamed,' said he, 'to declare my origin in these fair, holy, consecrated places. And yet,' added he, 'I am of the stock of the famed Cadmus, son of Agenor, and renowned, warlike, aggressive Thebes is my native land, and Jocasta is my mother.' And the reason why he did not name his father was his great shame because of that sin. And then Adrastus said: 'Why should you conceal these matters from us,' said he, 'for there is no one within the four quarters of the globe who has not heard of the guilt and valour of the stern Theban race? Moreover, there is no land or people among us without its sins. But, for thine own part, do thou the right,' said he, 'and the evils of thy people shall not be attributed to thee.' After that conversation with Polinices Adrastus said: 'Let the

<sup>1</sup> Th., i. 662.

'Batar<sup>1</sup> na tenti, uair dered do'n aidchi acus urthosach du'n lo, acus dentar acaind admolta da Apaill co h-onorach,' ar se.

Is i sin oes acus fuair<sup>2</sup> acus aimsear<sup>2</sup> do roindi Ioib, mac<sup>3</sup> sona saidbir<sup>3</sup> Satuирn, conni acus comairli ris na h-airechtaib dimora diadaib ca digail da berad ar na Tiauan-draig acus ar na Grecaib is na olcaib do ronsad. Acus ua h-olc am re h-Iunaind in comairli sin—digail do thobairt ar na Grecaib, acus ro bai 'g a thairmeasc. Is i comairli do rigni ann sin Ioib a mac murnech mor-gradach Mercur<sup>4</sup> .. techtaire na n-dei ifreannaide,<sup>4</sup> do cur an ifren do thocbail acus do thoduscad Laius, athar Eidip, co n-dernad acus co n-adannad irgail<sup>5</sup> acus anindi,<sup>6</sup> cothnud<sup>7</sup> acus comchosnum iter auib<sup>8</sup> .. Etiocles acus Polinices. Acus o ro cinded in comairli re h-Ioib mac Satuирn acus ris na deib ar cheana, ro eirig Mercur, mac Maia ingine Athlaint, acus ro gab a oen-cheannaich luim<sup>9</sup> luaimníg lan-alaind imi re h-imluad acus re h-etegail os talmain do. Acus ro gabastar a chathbarr or-ecair il-breachtainghi im a cheann; acus ro gabastair a fléisc ceann-chaim cumachtaich<sup>10</sup> in a laim .. cadruca,<sup>11</sup> ainm na fleis(c)i sin. Acus is amlaid ro bai in fhleasc h-i sin, —ro thoduisced in dara cenn di mairb in domain, acus ro mairfead firu in domain in cend aile.

Et tainic roime Mercur ar sin co h-airechtaib ichtair ifrin, ait ir-raibe Laius in inud utmall anoibind ar bru srotha Stig.<sup>12</sup> Acus ro eirig Laius le Mercur ar furmed na flesci fair. Acus tangatar reompo tres na foiscthib fuarda fir-granda fir-domin<sup>13</sup> ifirnn, acus tres na nellaib duba dorchaidi dermara di-fhulaing, acus tre chiachaib bodra brena buaidirthi batar ann, cein no co thorachtadar co dorus n-imnedach n-uruadach ifrinn .. co Tenair. Acus o ro airig in cu acgarb aduathmar craes-oslaicthi confadach treitell tachrach tren-cennach Ceirbir, cu Oirc, na firu sin

<sup>1</sup> baiter.

<sup>2-2</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>3-3</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>4</sup> On margin of Ed. na n(d)ei neamda.

<sup>5</sup> irgola.

<sup>6</sup> anmine.

<sup>7</sup> cathugud.

<sup>8</sup> uaib.

<sup>9</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>10</sup> cumdachtaich.

<sup>11</sup> cadaruca.

<sup>12</sup> Sdix.

<sup>13</sup> fir-domne.

fires be extinguished, for night is ended and day dawns, and let us offer our praises with reverence to Apollo,' said he.

<sup>1</sup> That was the time and hour and season that Jove, the happy and powerful son of Saturn, held meeting and counsel with the great assemblies of the gods to decide what punishment should be inflicted upon the Thebans and Greeks for the evils they had wrought. The proposal to punish the Greeks was displeasing to Juno, and she opposed it. What Jove resolved to do was to send his dear and greatly loved son, Mercury, the messenger of the infernal gods, to hell to raise and rouse from sleep Laius, the father of Oedipus, that he might cause and kindle quarrel and ill-will, rivalry and contention between Etiocles and Polinices, his grandsons. When that resolution was come to by Jove, son of Saturn, and the other gods, Mercury, son of Maia, daughter of Atlas, rose and donned his bare, fluttering, very beautiful bird-gear<sup>2</sup> for moving and flying above the earth. And he put on his head his gold-adorned, much-variegated helmet. And he took in his hand his wand of power, with its ends finely carved. *Caduceum*<sup>3</sup> was the name of the wand. It had these two qualities, the one end of it would waken up the dead of the universe, and the other would slay the men of the world.

<sup>4</sup> Mercury thereupon proceeded to the regions of lowest hell, where Laius was in a disturbed, dismal place on the bank of the stream Styx. And Laius went with Mercury, after receiving a prod of the staff. And they fared forward through the cold, hideous, deepest shades of hell, and through the black, dark, huge, unendurable clouds, and

<sup>1</sup> For the proceedings summarised in this paragraph, *v. Th., i. 197-311.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *én-chennach*.—Togail Troi. Vocab.

<sup>3</sup> *Caduceus* is also found. Statius uses *virga* simply, and this is his description of it (307-309):—

‘Tum dextrae virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces  
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire  
Tartara et exanguis animare adsueverat umbras.’

The ‘translator’s’ mind must have been more on the *slacan druidheachd* or ‘druidic beetle’ of Gaelic tales than on Statius’s text when rendering this passage.

<sup>4</sup> *Th., ii. 1.*

Fol. 4b 2. chuice acus ro phosclastar glomair na chraes<sup>1</sup> crithnaichnech-cocuasta batar aicci da sreangad, da cognam, acus da slugad<sup>2</sup> na fear sin. Uair is e sin ua doirrseoir demnach dichoinderc-lech ifrin. Agus ro thocaib Mercur in laim acus ro fur-meastar beim do chind imnedach na flesci ro bai in a laim ar in coin sin, cor' ua suan sir-cotalta do. Acus tangatar reompu ar sin .. Mercur acus Laius, dar dorus ifrin a mach. Et<sup>3</sup> tanic imorro Mercur remi is na slighthib suachinte solusta ar fat in aeoir uraird ainbtheanaig fhuasnagaig co h-aitib reidi ro-ailli ra-gaethacha Ioib.

Lai, imorro, tanic seic remi dar slighthib so-reidi so-imthecht slebe Cirra, acus dar in cathraig fiadhnaig fosad-gloin, dar Foca, ait ar marbad<sup>4</sup> acus ar muaiged<sup>4</sup> eseam fen, acus do riacht co Teib. Ua h-ecal acus ua h-ur(fh)uath leseom tocht<sup>5</sup> is in cathraig ar a crodacht acus ar a colaigi. Acus is amlaid ro uatar curaid na cathrach in n-uair<sup>6</sup> sin, acus siat measca mertnech a h-aitli idbarta do denam doib do Baith, do dei inn fhina. Is ann sin ro gabastar in seonor eclach<sup>7</sup> imnach<sup>8</sup> imnedach .. Laisis, ro gabastar<sup>9</sup> delb acus denam araile fatha acus fisid do Tiabandaib fair fen .. Tresias a ainm side. Acus is immi ro gab Laius in n-deilb sin fhair commad moidi ro creitea do, ar ni chreiti-sium<sup>10</sup> fis na h-amra na h-aislingi ann, mina bedis persann uaisli ac a imluad. Acus<sup>11</sup> tuargaib Laius ar sin in flesc filead bai 'na laim, acus tuc ar a ucht Ethiocles mar ar a bi na collad, ocus adrubairt ris : 'Ua cora dit am,' ar se, 'duad acus domenma do denam na ainus acus aibnius. Acus ua cora dait sinm acus sir-egi<sup>12</sup> do denam ina suan acus sir-chodlug. Uair ita do brathair ac tinol acus ac tochostol i t'agaid, acus dan ita brig acus borrfad, uaill acus diumus arbithin carad-raid acus cleamnais<sup>13</sup> in rig uaisail Adraisst da (f)aguail do. Acus ro chinnestar command (acus) caradrad ris in fer calma Calidone, re Tid mac Oenius, do chur i d' cenn-sa da (t')thachur acus da t'indarba-su as do rig-flaithius. Acus

<sup>1</sup> Eg. adds toslaithi.

<sup>2</sup> Readings doubtful. Ed. da slūchac nom. Eg. da shluīg cognam.

<sup>3</sup> Eg. omits.      <sup>4-4</sup> Eg. omits.      <sup>5</sup> techt.      <sup>6</sup> trath.

<sup>7</sup> Eg. omits.      <sup>8</sup> uaimnech.      <sup>9</sup> Eg. omits.      <sup>10</sup> creidim-sim.

<sup>11</sup> Eg. omits.      <sup>12</sup> sir-egim.      <sup>13</sup> clemnasa.

through the deafening, foul, confusing mists which pervaded them, until they arrived at Taenarus, the dread, baneful gate of hell. When the very fierce, terrible, open-mouthed, furious, fighting, contentious, mighty-headed Cerberus, the dog of Orcus, observed them approaching, he opened a muzzle in his gaping, hollow mouth to rend, gnaw, and swallow them, for he was the devilish, vicious warder of hell. Mercury raised his hand and struck the dog with the fatal end of the wand, which (at once) sent him to slumber and deep sleep. Mercury and Laius thereupon proceeded outwardly through the gate of hell. Mercury then fared forward, over the well-known bright paths through the tempestuous, raging, upper regions of the air to the smooth, very beautiful, very windy abodes of Jove.

Laius, on the other hand, proceeded along the level, easily-traversed slopes of Cyrra, and past the conspicuous brightly-situated city of Phocis, where he had been slain and destroyed, and reached Thebes. He feared and dreaded to enter that city because of its might and its wickedness. And thus were the heroes of the city at the time, intoxicated and exhausted, after making sacrifices to Bacchus, the god of wine. Then the fearsome, timorous, anxious-minded Laius assumed the shape and form of a certain Theban prophet and seer, Tiresias to name. And Laius adopted this guise that he would be the more firmly believed in, for these people did not give credence to premonition or wonder or vision unless it was promulgated by a person of reputation. And he raised aloft the poet's wand in his hand and brought it down on the breast of Etiocles as he lay asleep, and addressed him : ' You ought rather,' said he, ' to be depressed and downcast than engaged in enjoyment and pleasure. And you ought to be a-trumpeeting and ever shouting rather than slumbering and sleeping. For your brother is gathering and mustering against you, and he has become powerful and aggressive, proud and haughty, because of the friendship and alliance of the noble King Adrastus which he has obtained. And he has secured

ro cureastar Ioib, cend na n-dei, misi da indisin daitsiu sin. Acus bid in Teib acut fein, acus na leic foirb na fearannas do innti.' Acus as a h-aithli sin tanic loa con a lan-soillsi, acus ro leic Laius<sup>1</sup> ein a richt fen ar lebaid acus ar lann derdad aua .. Ethiocles. Ra fhoillsig acus ro indis na eneda acus na créchta tucastar Eidip air. Et ro lecestar sruth-líndti fala for-ruaide fiadnaide as na crechtaib sin ar a ucht acus ar a agaid do Eithocles. Acus is and sin ro eirig Ethiocles co aduathmar aindsbleach imeelach as a ait acus as a imdaid,<sup>2</sup> acus bai ac iarraig a brathar do throat acus da athachar ris, amal thiger nemnig naimdigi ar n-a duscad as a suan acus as a sir-chodlud, do marn acus do med ar lochta na sealga ac a sreathad 'n a timchell.

Cid tra acht ua h-ir-dered do'n n-eichi acus ua tosach do'n o lo ac na h-idbartaib sin aidbli Adraist. Et is ann sin tanic Adraist acus Polinices acus Tid d'an imdadaib acus d'a lepthaib, acus ro thoit a suan acus a sir-chotlad ortho a h-aithli anbthine na h-oidchi sin. Et nir chadail imorro in t-aird-ri uasal Adraist, acht ro uadar imrait i mda ilerda ar menmain inn fir sin. Ar na marach tangadar is in (tig) rigai ro-gloin sin, acus tuc each dib i lam al-laim a chele,<sup>3</sup> do naisc a chomaind acus a caradraib ar a chele.<sup>3</sup> Acus rucastar Adraist leis a tech ar leith iat .. Tid acus Polinices, n-indmad n-diamair n-derrit, ait a n-(d)enad-son cocur (acus) comairle, acus is ed seo adubairt ri: 'A occu ailli érérgna,' ar se, 'ro imluaidseadar na dei sib da m'ionsaigisea, acus fuaribar<sup>4</sup> olc acus<sup>4</sup> imnead ac tuidecht. Atchual-abar-si acus atchualadar Greic ar chena da ingin choema chruthacha do beith accumsa .. Argia acus Deifilen. Acus is am toirrsech-sea re tincur tochmair(c) na n-ingin sin. Uair ni fuil duine sotal so-chenelach, na fear dearrscaithech deigh-heraind o nach tangas da n-iarraig<sup>5</sup> na n-ingin sin<sup>5</sup> orumsa. Uair tancas iarom a Fair acus a h-Eóbail acus a h-Áchis acus a Sparta acus a Pissa acus a h-Elis do thochmarc na n-ingin sin. Ra eimthiu-sa<sup>6</sup> sin uili. Cindnim, ar se, 'a comshnайдm

<sup>1</sup> Eg. omits.<sup>2</sup> inud.<sup>3-5</sup> Eg. omits.<sup>4-4</sup> Eg. omits.<sup>5-5</sup> Eg. omits.<sup>6</sup> Ro emi-sa.

the companionship and friendship of the brave warrior of Calydon, Tydeus son of Oeneus, whom he purposed to set against you to contend with you, and to banish you from your royal dominion. And Jove, the head of the gods, has sent me to tell you of this. Now do you hold by Thebes, and do not suffer him to obtain inheritance or possession therein.' Thereafter came day with its full light, and Laius (now) in his own shape, laid himself down on the bed and couch of his grandson Etiocles. He revealed and recounted the wounds and hurts which Oedipus had inflicted upon him. And he let fall stream-pools of deep-red manifest blood out of these wounds upon the breast and face of Etiocles. Then Etiocles rose up from his seat and couch with a terrible, fierce, and fearful look, and sought for his brother to quarrel and fight with him again and again, like a virulent, inimical tiger when awakened from slumber and deep sleep, eager to spring at and attack the huntsmen who are encircling it all around.

Now they lingered at these huge sacrifices of Adrastus till it was the very end of night and beginning of day. Then Adrastus and Polinices and Tydeus went to their rooms and beds, and slumber and deep sleep fell upon these (two) after the stress of that night. But the noble, high king Adrastus did not sleep, for many and diverse thoughts occupied his mind. On the morrow they came into the grand palace, and each gave his hand to the other to bind their mutual alliance and friendship. Adrastus brought Tydeus and Polinices to a house apart, a private secret place, where they could have confidential converse and counsel, and this is what he said to them : ' Ye handsome and very discreet young men,' said he, ' the gods have directed you to me, and you have met with ill and trouble in your journey. You have heard, and all the Greeks have heard, that I have two affectionate and beautiful daughters, Argia and Deiphile. And I am greatly concerned about the suitable marriage of these maidens. For there is not a gallant, nobly-born man, nor a distinguished man of large estate, who has not sent

na desi sin daibse tre chomairli na n-déi. Uair is dingbala lim,<sup>1</sup> ar se, ‘uar ri-duchas acus uar n-dec-cenel<sup>2</sup> do chleamnaib accum.<sup>3</sup> Et o t’chualaig Tid acus Polinices sin ro bai cach dib sel<sup>4</sup> ac sith-shilled uar a chele cia dib do berad fraech no frecra no fritholam fair<sup>5</sup> in fer sin<sup>5</sup> ar tus. Cid tra acht ro labair in fear urlam anacarach .i. Tid dana derscaigthech, acus adrubairt: ‘Is mor am,’ ar se, ‘ind umla<sup>6</sup> acus inn inisli, in cheannsa acus in comairli daitsiu aicened mar sin acut umaindi. Uair ni thanic do rigaib tenna togaide in talman ri uad co mor firindi flathiusa ritso, a Adrai(s)t uasail. Cid tra acht is urlum algiussach sindi im<sup>7</sup> gach ni uas ail let-su, a Adraist,’ ar Tid. Acus ar sin ra labair Polinices briathra terca tarbacha, acus is ed so ro raid: ‘Cuich ro opabad<sup>8</sup> cleamnas no caradrad fhir mar thusu? Acus ge tamait-ne ar echtra acus ar indarba, ni thindeanus acus ni toirsi lindi sin, acht mad sub<sup>9</sup> acus so-menma, uair do gamaid<sup>10</sup> th’ailgine-siu acus t’onoir; acus is adbal a airfitiud<sup>11</sup> lind beith ac comchaiitheam do flathiusa saidbir so-chonach maraen rit fen.’ A h-aithli in chomraig sin imorro<sup>12</sup> ro ergetar-sium in oen fheacht acus in oen (fh)uair as an inud sin, acus tucsad al-lama disli deasa al-lam<sup>13</sup> inn aird-rig uasail<sup>14</sup> Adraist. Acus ro gell Adraist riuson co cosenad a fearanna disli dingbala duchusa doib; acus is ed on ro comailed sin ni as mo nar’ gell.<sup>15</sup> Cid tra acht ro h-indised sin do lucht na cathrach cuanna comdáingni .i. Larisa. Acus adclo<sup>16</sup> clu na cleamnad cuana coimithech sin do beth ac in rig, acus irnайдim<sup>17</sup> na n-ingén erergna<sup>18</sup> il-chrothaige,—Argia imorro<sup>19</sup> do’n fhir ar tus .i. do Polinices mac Eidip. Acus ua h-ing-

<sup>1</sup> limsa.<sup>2</sup> dedh-cinel.<sup>3</sup> amgum.<sup>4</sup> Eg. omits.<sup>5-5</sup> Eg. omits.<sup>6</sup> umal.<sup>7</sup> um.<sup>8</sup> oibebad.<sup>9</sup> suba.<sup>10</sup> do gabaim-ne.<sup>11</sup> airmedhi.<sup>12</sup> Eg. omits.<sup>13</sup> laim.<sup>14</sup> Eg. adds sin.<sup>15</sup> nar ar do gheall.<sup>16</sup> roclos.<sup>17</sup> forsnaidm.<sup>18</sup> erergnam.<sup>19</sup> Eg. omits.

to ask these maidens from me. They have come a-wooing them from Pharae and from Oebalis, and from Achaea, and from Sparta, and from Pisa, and from Elis. I refused them all. I have resolved,' continued he, 'with the counsel of the gods to wed these two with you. For,' added he, 'I deem your royal patrimony and high descent to fit you for being my sons-in-law.' When Tydeus and Polinices heard this they stood for a while gazing at each other (to ascertain) which of them should first make note<sup>1</sup> or answer or acknowledgment to that man. At length Tydeus the ready, resolute, bold, and distinguished, spoke and said: 'Great indeed is your humility and condescension, your gentleness and considerateness, in having such a disposition towards us. For of the powerful, select monarchs of the world there has been none so great as you in righteousness and rule, noble Adrastus. And indeed ready and willing are we to fulfil any desire of yours, Adrastus,' said Tydeus. Thereafter Polinices spoke a few pregnant words, and this is what he said: 'Who would refuse the alliance and friendship of such as you? And though we are exiles in banishment, we deem it not grievous nor sad, but rather gladness and joy, for we have won your goodwill and respect, and very great enjoyment it is to us to be sharing your wealthy and prosperous dominion with you.' After that discourse they (both) rose together in their place and put their loyal right hands in the hand of the noble high king Adrastus. And Adrastus pledged himself to recover for them their rightful, proper, native possessions; and in that matter, in truth, he accomplished more than he promised. Now all this was told to the inhabitants of the compact and strong city of Larissa. They heard of the fame of the handsome comrades who were to become sons-in-law to the king, and of the betrothal of the very prudent and beautiful maidens—of Argia first to Polinices son of Oedipus. Marvellous was the beauty

<sup>1</sup> The MS. reads *fraech*, possibly *farech*. In S. G. *fairich* (O. G. *airighim*) means 'feel,' 'perceive,' 'observe,' 'watch.' The verbal noun is now *faireachadh*, *faireachd-uinn*. I know *fraech* (now *fraoch*) only with the meanings of 'heather,' 'fury.'

nadh delb na h-ingine, acus ua h-i ceit-gen cloindi rigda<sup>1</sup> Adraist h-i. Acus ro h-indised in n-óg digaind dath-gel deig-denmach .. Deofile do cheangal re cheli comadais di<sup>2</sup> .. Tid mac Oenius.

Et adclos ua na crichaib ciana comaidchi in scel sin. Acus adclos dan co slebtib leathnaib Liac, acus cos na fid-dromannaib fairsingi primda Partecda, acus ua oirechtaib aiblib Isilecdaib, acus o Thragia a tuaid co Asalia ua deas, acus o sruth adbul thond-solus Nem a n-air co rind mara Adraist siar, acus cos na bruidib ailli urarda Eparda, acus co treuaib togaide Tiauanda; co ro mesc acus co ro medair in rig n-ocol n-anuarasta<sup>3</sup> .. Etiocles, in scel sin do cloistecht.

Cid tra acht o thanic la con a lan-shoillsi ro h-or daiged acus ro h- urlumaiged bandsi<sup>4</sup> fir<sup>5</sup> fina. Ro chomlinad acus ro comgaigit<sup>6</sup> na h-inleasa rigda ro-fhairsingi d'airechtaib suarca subacha gasraidi Grec. Ua medugud menman, acus ua h-ind-tocuail aicenta ris in rigraid n-arnaid n-aic-cendta n-allata .. fuirechros fegtha acus fairgseana<sup>7</sup> ar na delbaib rigda rinnta a n-athar acus a sean-athar badar ar sleasaib suaichinti in tigi cuana cumdaigthi sin. Acus ua h-i at so araill do na rigaib is a delba ro rindad and<sup>8</sup> .. Inachus uasal, cos a m-berthea<sup>9</sup> croeba coibniusa nan Grec uili; acus Iasius senorda, sruitheta; acus Foroneus sithamail, so-chreitmeach; acus Abas cosnumaid, cath-buadach; acus Acresius laindech, lan-menmnach; acus Corebus curata, coscarach; acus Danaus felltach, fir-meblach. Agus dan batar delba dath-chaine deig-deinmacha imda aile<sup>10</sup> is in tig sin.

<sup>1</sup> in rig.

<sup>2</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>3</sup> n-anurrunta. <sup>4</sup> bainnsi.

<sup>5</sup> fira.

<sup>6</sup> comdaigedh.

<sup>7</sup> fairseana.

<sup>8</sup> Eg. omits.

<sup>9</sup> gus a m-berta.

<sup>10</sup> aille.

of that maiden, the first born of the children of King Adrastus. And the betrothal of the surpassing fair, well-shaped maid Deiphele to a suitable spouse, viz. Tydeus, son of Oeneus was (likewise) announced.

The tidings were heard in distant foreign lands. They were heard on the broad hills of Lycia, and on the wide, woody ridges of old Parthenios, and among the vast assemblies of Ogygia, and from Thrace in the north to Asalia in the south, and from the great wave-clear stream of Nemea in the east to the promontory of the Adriatic Sea in the west, and in the fair, upland districts of Ephyra, and among the renowned dwellings of the Thebans, where the dread, unsettled King Etiocles was preplexed and troubled at the hearing of them.

Now when day with its full light came, marriage feasts with wine in abundance were ordered and prepared. The grand, spacious courts of the palace were filled and crowded by the pleasant, joyous multitudes of the Grecian nobles. It was elevation of mind and elation of spirit to the proud, spirited, and illustrious princes to see and view the royal pictures of their fathers and grandfathers displayed on the well-known walls of that elegant, beautiful palace. And these are some of the kings whose pictures were conspicuous there, viz. the noble Inachus, to whom is traced the genealogical stems of all the Greeks; and Iasius aged and learned; and Phoroneus peaceful and gentle; and Abas aggressive and triumphant; and Acrisius spear-ful and high-spirited; and Corebus heroic and victorious; and Danaus deceitful and dishonourable. There were besides in that house many other pictures lovely in colouring and beautifully executed.

## A HIGHLAND GODDESS

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

ONE of the remarkable features of Scottish mythology is the predominance of goddesses. They are greater and stronger than the gods. Human heroes, who overcome the husbands or sons, are placed in direst peril when the goddess comes forth to be avenged.

These goddesses are the Hags—Cailleachan Mor. The gods are the Fomorians—Fomhairean. Accustomed as we are to associate goodness and holiness with the conception of the Christian God, it is difficult for us to regard these crude and cruel giants and giantesses as deities. But our Pagan ancestors, as Highland folk-tales show, lived in a world controlled by great and fearsome monsters, who were ever seeking to work evil against mankind. Their gods and goddesses were fierce tyrants and blood-thirsty avengers. They were the individualised forces of Nature. The tempest, the thunderstorm, the raging ocean, the flooded river, were manifestations of enraged deities, who had to be propitiated with offerings so that their anger might be appeased. The gods and goddesses were never worshipped in the sense that the term worship is understood by us. If they were not given offerings, they were charmed away by the performance of magical ceremonies.

‘Those of the gods,’ said the Greek Isocrates, ‘who are the sources to us of good things, have the title of Olympians ; those whose department is that of calamities and punishments have harsher titles : to the first class both private persons and states erect altars and temples ; the second is not worshipped either with prayers or burnt sacrifices, but in this case we perform ceremonies of riddance.’

There were no Olympians in Scotland. Our Fomorians and Hags were of the class which received in Greece the ‘harsher titles.’ Nor must they be confused with the

Fomorians of Ireland. Highland Fomorians differ in a marked degree from Tethra and his clan. There are no Danann gods in Scotland ; the Fomorians are both deities of night and of day, and of winter and summer ; they fight one with another or against mankind. They would appear to have had their origin among an elder race than that which imported from Gaul the god Lugh, who gave his name to Lyons ; Angus, the love-god, Nuada and the others. If the Danann-believing people came to Scotland, they never achieved an intellectual conquest of the aborigines. There is no trace in our folk-lore of the idea of benevolent gods. In fact, it seems highly probable that the religion of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland partook of the terrible features of Crom-Cruaich worship in Ireland.

' He was their god,  
The withered Crom writ many mists.

To him without glory  
They would kill their piteous, wretched offspring  
With much wailing and peril  
To pour their blood around Crom Cruaich.

Milk and corn  
They would ask from him speedily  
In return for one-third of their healthy issue  
Great was the horror and the scare of him.

To him  
Noble Gaels would prostrate themselves,  
From the worship of him, with many manslaughters  
The plain is called " Mag Slecht."

They did evil,  
They beat their palms, they pounded their bodies,  
Wailing to the demon who enslaved them,  
They shed falling showers of tears.'

In these terrible lines we have a glimpse of Pagan worship which does not accord with the high conceptions of Danann mythology. The reason is obvious. The imported gods were the gods of the military aristocracy ; the conquered

people continued to practise their immemorial rites, and to cling to their conception of a terrorised world, governed by Hags and giants.

In our folk-stories of giants who thrust great hands through house roofs and snatch away new-born babes, we may have a softened although persistent race-memory of human sacrifices. Story-tellers altered their tales to suit new audiences. The horror of offering up a child, which the demon demanded or seized, was dispelled by a story which related a gallant rescue by a popular hero.

To this class belongs the account of Finn's voyage to the 'Lone Blue Isle of the Sea,' where he rescued the princes and the princesses who had been stolen away by the giant 'One Arm and One Eye.' But there are also stories of stolen children being devoured by giants. Conall (*West Highland Tales*, vol. i. p. 149) rescues a baby who was to have been roasted. 'There were a great many dead bodies at the side of the cave, and he set one of them on a stake, and the woman was roasting it.'

In the story of 'The Sea Maiden,' we read, 'when the fisher's son came home, there was sorrow in the king's house, for the Draygan was come from the sea. Every time he came there was some one to be eaten, and this time the lot had fallen on the king's daughter.' Another version reads, 'Then the king's daughter was to be given to a giant with three heads who came in a ship.'

In the Black Isle, a curious story is told of the giants who lived in Rosemarkie Glen. Every morning they entered the village, thrust their hands down the chimneys, and snatched away the food which was being cooked. How they were at length destroyed does not concern us here. It is sufficient to note from the random references that the Fomorians not only received offerings, but also seized what they sought. Among the hills they snatched up human beings and cattle and devoured them alive.

Greater than these crude, ferocious gods, who were monsters like the early Greek deities, were, as we have said,

the goddesses. In translated folk-tales we call them Hags. In the *History of Glenurquhart*, Mr. William Mackay tells that a hag sits on a rock and snatches off the caps of way-farers. These she rubs on a rock until holes are worn through; then the unfortunate men fall dead.

Other Hags are engaged making mountains. Two Hags went from Knockfarrel with great creels on their back. The bottom fell out of one of the creels, and the earth which was let loose formed Little Wyvis. A somewhat similar tale is told of Thor's conflict with the mountain-giant Hrungner who flung a great flint boulder. The thunder-god's hammer shattered the flint; one splinter stuck in Thor's forehead, and where one piece fell to the ground 'there are the flint mountains' to this day.

The Hags came forth against a hero when a husband or son was slain. The warrior must needs contend against her. A notable story of this class is 'Finn in the Kingdom of Big Men.' Finn slays two sea-giants, and then he is opposed by the sea-hag, who is the mother of the greatest giant. She is slain after a long and desperate struggle, but Finn was almost overcome. This, by the way, is the plot of Beowulf. When Grendel is slain, the hero has to combat against the terrible mother—the sea-hag.

Another Hag is the 'Daughter of the King of Lochlan' who passes over Alban in a cloud, from which she throws fire-balls to burn up the forests. She is evidently a female Thor—the thunder goddess of our Highland ancestors. The original Lochlan may not have been Scandinavia, but a mythical country, like the 'low, level plains' of the Milesians which, although the land of death, became associated with Spain.

The storm-goddess of the sea is 'The Yellow Muilear-teach' (*West Highland Tales*, vol. iii. p. 136):

'The name of that undaunted wraith  
Was the bald russet-yellow Muilearteach;  
From Lochlann's bounds, coming on brine,  
All in a day to cover Eirinn.'

Her face was blue-black of the lustre of coal,  
And her bone-tufted tooth was like rusted bone.

In her head was one deep pool-like eye . . .  
Her heart was merry for joy . . .  
And a hundred warriors she sportively slew.'

The 'blue-black' face suggests the wind-darkened sea. In the song, 'Hag of Bennachrie,' the Cailleach sings:—

'Why is my face so black, so black.'

The Muilearteach is one-eyed like a Cyclops. She is not associated with Manannan mac Ler of another mythological system.

With these random references I desire to introduce readers of the *Celtic Review* to a wind-hag, who is called 'Gentle Annie' by the fisher-folk in my native town of Cromarty. The name is at once amusing and suggestive.

A Christy Minstrel ditty has given 'Gentle Annie' a sentimental reputation, but whether the author of the love-song was responsible for the name, or found it in current use, I am unable to determine. It may be noted, however, that among sea-faring people all over Scotland, the curious phrase is still used, 'Don't come the Gentle Annie over me.'

The term 'gentle' also recalls 'peace-folk,' 'good folk,' and 'gentle folk,' as applied to the fairies who, being feared, were referred to in complimentary terms.

Of course, the Hag 'Gentle Annie' may have originally been nameless. The Fomorians were simply Fomhairean, but here and there they have become associated, by reason of their great deeds, with popular human heroes. The boulder-flinging giant of the Eildon Hills is called 'Wallace,' the Callander hero who triumphed in feats of strength over all the giants of Albion was named 'Samson,' and 'Samson's putting stone' still lies poised on the lower slopes of Ben Ledi. At Inverness a giant is called Bean (Torvean) after the saint and a companion is Padrick (Craig Phadrick). Others are 'Rories' and 'Donalds.' The devil is 'Black

Donald.' The giant of Norman's Law in Dundee is now the devil, and his boulder is 'the deil's stane.'

We need not, therefore, speculate over 'Gentle Annie,' or endeavour to connect her with Ann or Dann. She is, without doubt, the Hag of the south-west wind, as the Hag of Iarnvid, in Norse mythology, is the Hag of the easterly gale, who 'drives fair vessels into the very jaws of Aegir.'

Gentle Annie is feared most in the spring-time. During the rest of the year the south-west wind is 'gentle' enough. The Cromarty fisher-people refer to the spring equinox as 'Gentle Annie weather.' During that stormy period, which 'lasts sometimes for six weeks,' they cannot go to sea and food is very scarce. 'We'll have to be keeping a shilling or twa beside us for the time o' Gentle Annie,' a shrewd fisher-woman remarked to the writer.

The Cromarty Firth is a well-known harbour of refuge. It is land-locked. Great headlands rise at the entrance, and the northern shore is fringed by undulating hills. The firth is securely protected from easterly and northerly winds. But when the south-west gale rages furiously, a part of the firth is exceedingly dangerous, because the wind blows in spasmodic gusts from a gap between the mountains. There is one particular point below the coastguard station which is feared by the fisher people, because there the tide runs strong, and the gusts sweep off the land with great fury. It is called 'the heel of Ness,' and it juts out into the firth like a crab's toe. So greatly is this point feared that even when a moderate south-westerly wind is blowing the sails of small boats are not infrequently lowered until the 'heel' is rounded. The eastward crook of the firth may be comparatively smooth during an 'Annie' gale, while to the west of 'heel of Ness' the waves are flecked with white foam which, by the way, is called 'the feather in Gentle Annie's hat.'

The following picturesque phrase is still current in Cromarty :—

'When Gentle Annie is skyawlan [yelling] roond the heel o' Ness,

wi' a white feather in her hat, they'll be harrying [robbing] the crook.'

In the local dialect 'harrying' sounds like 'hairy in.' But in Cromarty 'harry' is pronounced 'hairy' and 'herry.' Boys speak of 'herrying' a bird's nest. A local saying runs:—

'High, high hang them,  
And low, low drown them  
Who would "herry" a poor yellow-yarlack's nest.'

'HARRYING THE CROOK' means that the pot, which hangs from the crook of the chain, is emptied or carried away. In one of the Fian stories a Hag enters Finn's dwelling, and runs away with the 'Pot of worth.' The fisher people, however, explain that, in 'Gentle Annie' weather, 'the pot is empty; the men canna' go out to fish.' The Cromarty wind-goddess is not given an offering; she takes it.

But who are 'they'? It is not Gentle Annie alone who deprives the folks of food—'they'll be harrying the crook,' we are told.

The Cromarty hag may have originally been associated with others of like character. A Tyrolese folk-tale tells of three 'magic maidens' who dwelt on Jochgrimm mountain, where they 'brewed the winds.' They sent forth against mankind their demon-lovers, the stormy Ecke, whose name signifies 'one who causes fear,' and Vasolt, 'he who causes dismay.' Ecke falls in combat with Dietrich von Bern in his mythical character of Donar or Thunor (Thor). Vasolt pursues a nymph who flies before him through a wood. So do our rivers take flight before the avenging demon of the well, who has been offended.

The Cromarty 'they' may, on the other hand, refer to the fairies who are let loose against mankind at times of seasonal changes. Campbell of Tiree tells that 'the wee folk' then walk boldly into houses and lift the lids off the pots.

A Hag who bears a close resemblance to 'Gentle Annie'

is mentioned in an interesting article by Mrs. Watson, editor of the *Celtic Review*. The following is the quotation :—

" 'Cailleach' as a period of time is the first week of April, and is represented as a wild hag with a venomous temper hurrying about with a magic wand in her withered hand switching the grass and keeping down vegetation to the detriment of man and beast. When, however, the grass, upborne by the warm sun, the gentle dew, and the fragrant rain, overcomes the 'Cailleach' she flies into a terrible temper, and, throwing away her wand into the root of a whin bush, she disappears in a whirling cloud of angry passion, saying as she goes" certain verses, for which see the *Celtic Review* for July 1908.

The Cromarty people remind one that after 'Gentle Annie' has spent her fury, good weather ensues. She has taken her offering and is appeased. It should be noted that her visit precedes Beltane, when a new and prosperous season is ushered in, the fairies and demons having been thwarted by the performance of 'ceremonies of riddance.' Bonfires have blazed on the hills, cattle have been charmed against evil by being driven over the smouldering ashes, new fire has been brought to every house. It may be too, that, as the folk-tales indicate, lots were cast and a human being was delivered up to the storm-hag. Or did 'Gentle Annie' seize her human victims—the men whom she drowned in the treacherous gust-swept waters?

The folk-tales of a country are a heritage from our mingled ancestors. If it were possible to sift them, we could identify those which are pre-Celtic from those of Celtic importation, and those also which Danes and Norsemen, brought from the Continent. One theory must, I think, have general acceptance. Of the deities which have survived, the most prominent and persistent must be the local ones—those which were either of purely local origin, or were adapted to conform with local conditions. Our northern 'Gentle Annie' may have been a wind-goddess of an ancient and absorbed people, who survived in tribes in the Highlands and among the Tyrol mountains. She may

have been imported at a very remote period—in the stone age, let us say. If so, she was so thoroughly ‘naturalised’ that her sisters were dispensed with, for at Cromarty where the firth is sheltered from the north and east, no other wind-hag has impressed herself upon the imaginations of a sea-faring folk. One wind alone is greatly feared—the south-western. It is the cruel, robbing wind in spring, when drownings occur chiefly, and the lot of the industrious fisher people is rendered hard because the sea is denied to them.

These Cromarty fisher-folks are not of Highland origin; they drop the ‘h’s’ and speak an archaic form of broad Scots, which is interspersed with ‘thee’ and ‘thou.’ But it does not necessarily follow that they imported ‘Gentle Annie.’ They use a few Gaelic words, and have been associated with the Cromarty ‘town’s folk,’ who have ever been sea-farers, for three or four centuries. Like the Romans the fisher people may have accepted the local gods. In fact, Mrs. Watson’s article points to this as being the most reasonable conclusion.

One might add that the prominence given to goddesses in Scotland is suggestive of matriarchal customs and conditions. The Picts recognised succession by the female line alone. It would seem that there were Amazons, like Finn’s foster-mother ‘Speedy Foot,’ among them. When Cuchullin visited Alban to complete his military education, he was instructed by a Hag. Saxo’s Hamlet married a Scottish queen, who was admired and dreaded far and wide. Our fairies, whom I regard as humanised earth-spirits of an elder folk, who were originally distributed over a wide area, are significantly enough governed by a female. The Brynhild of Icelandic tales is a veritable Hag; she throws boulders like the hag of Beinn na Caillich in Skye, who combats against another hag in Raasay. It seems probable, therefore, that ‘Gentle Annie’ and the other hags are deities of the ancient Picts, and that the Picts were a pre-Celtic people whose matriarchal customs fostered a

ready and peaceful fusion with invaders after the clash of arms promoted in their chivalrous times, not only feelings of mutual respect, but also of mutual admiration. The Celtic elements of the Pictish language, and its ultimate disappearance altogether, save in place-names, may have been due largely to martiarchal customs. Folk-beliefs and folk-tales would, of course, survive all else. These, in our own day even, are perpetuated chiefly by women.

## THE LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH GAEL

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## I

THERE is substantial evidence for the belief that the monks of the Celtic Church in Scotland were bookmen and scholars. What remains of their scholarship we have in the manuscripts in the British Isles and the Continent encourages the deserved admiration that sees through the thick mist of the intervening ages earnest students sedulously investigating the sacred writ, and bringing their acquired and native talent to bear on the problems that confront them. The virility, stamina, and self-respect that characterised our race owe not a little to the infusion into our veins of the blood of those intrepid sailors from the lands of the North, who scoured our seas and harried our coastline. Yet we deplore the Norse barbarity that assigned to the fire and to the sea the achievements of this devout scholarship. What would we not give to have now in our possession records of those monks' outlook on life and its intricate problems, their view of the pagan religion and the general status of society, as well as the wit and humour that gave life a charming ease and a soothing relief. In the three well-known books—the *Antiphonary of Bangor*, written before 691; *Liber Hymnorum*, transcribed about the latter

half of the eleventh century ; and *Leabhar Breac*, transcribed before 1411—we have litanies, invocations, and poems of adoration, which bear more directly upon the work of the Christian preacher, and indicate much literary merit as well as deep religious feeling. But there must have been much more than those produced in the collegiate schools of Iona and Applecross, at the disappearance of which we feel a deep pang of regret.

#### MEDIÆVAL ROMANTIC LITERATURE

In the Ulster cycle of literature that revolves round the central figures of Conchobar and Cuchulinn, we have presented to us with a precision which is substantiated by classic writers who were observers or recorders of the events portrayed, a history of the pre-Christian social life of the Gaels. Here we have depicted to us the wars of mighty monarchs and petty kings, tribal jealousies, and inter-tribal rivalries, the roistering life in the sumptuous hall, the happy buoyancy of the life of the chase, the striking ethics and coarse morality, and the undoubted chivalry and heroism of pagan people living in pagan culture and influenced by pagan sentiments. The Leinster-Munster cycle, with Fionn and Ossian as its central figures, develops at a later period, and flows down to us, gathering colour and substance from the vicissitudes of conquest and defeat that characterised the periods through which it streamed, and increasing in volume until it takes such a prominence in the popular estimation as ousts entirely the earlier cycle. This latter cycle has its origin sunk in deep and almost impenetrable obscurity. The solvents that have been brought to bear on the problems that surround its rise have not yet succeeded in proving to us that these wonderful romances rest upon an historic basis. Their supposed origin in the second or third centuries does not coincide with the historical facts disclosed within the texts. The books which supply us with the ballads that surround Fionn, Ossian,

Caoilte, Oscar, Diarmaid and Grainne are : the Dean of Lismore's book, *Leabhar na Feinne*; Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*; Dr. Cameron's *Reliquiae Celticæ*; and the collections of manuscripts not transcribed in the latter book, but available in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Here, then, we have a great heroic-mythic romance. The heroes in the ballads are men of gigantic proportions, before whom ordinary mortals are but insignificant entities. They achieve superhuman feats of strength and bravery, distance is no barrier to their movements ; the raging ocean, the towering hills, and all else in Nature form no impassable barrier to their efforts. Always chivalrous and courageous, boundless generosity is perhaps their chief attribute, as Caoilte sings of the lordly Fionn : ' Were but the brown leaf which the wood sheds from it gold, were but the white billows silver, Fionn would have given it all away.' Who are the prototypes of this race of warriors ? has been asked, but no satisfactory answer has been given. Have we here impersonated gods of an earlier paganism ? The doctrine of incarnation is prevalent among the Celts. Fionn himself re-incarnated is Mongan. The descent of the gods to confer the primary attributes of manhood is found among Australian aborigines. Their *Byamee*, through the minor deity *Wooroomah* (God of wind), descends, and a boy becomes a man. Survival of a similar belief is still discoverable in the superstitious conception of our people in regard to the development of the human embryo. Another phase in the development of the heroic ideal is found in the double names of most of the heroes connoting seemingly contrary views and ideals which are combined in an effort to harmonise opposing principles ? Fionn is also Demne. Cf. Mars, Vintios, Zeus, Pluto, Poseidon, etc.

Have we not here, in fact, the gods reconciled in persons that express the ideals and aspirations of the people rather than an organised warrior band raised among the tribes of the Scottish kingdom to resist and oppose Lochlannich ? That this latter word signifies not only the Norse, but any

opponents of the people that dwell in the lochs or in the inaccessible swamps of their land, and ever a threatening and dangerous foe, gives colour to the contention of historical and exegetical criticism that here we have a mythical romance without any basis in history or prototypes for its warriors, but which, however, contains within it those aspects of social life and religion that the poets of the period thought fit to commit to story. But it is conceivable and even probable that Fionn and Ossian had their prototypes in men who sprang from the race, and who, because of certain high qualities that clearly differentiate them from the common stock, were at once invested by the popular fancy with the attributes of the gods, and adored as such. A clear analogy to this is found in the reverence accorded by the Lycaonians to Barnabas and Paul, whom they recognised as Jupiter and Mercurius respectively. Such a deifying of heroes affords the most reasonable and natural basis for the hero-worship which finds ample expression in the Ossianic ballads, in the magniloquent panegyrics of post-mediæval poets, and in the exaggerated elegies of more recent date. The warrior chief conceived by the idealising fancy of the mediæval Gael is 'Braver than kings ; foremost always, of vigorous deeds, a hero brave, untired in fight, leopard in fight, fierce as a hound, of woman beloved.' The chieftain of feudal times, and ministers and 'men' of a more enlightened age have each and all been extolled and assigned such a place in the popular imagination that differs from that of the heroes of this romance not so much in nature as in degree, and in objectivity more than subjectivity.

Generally those romances introduce us to the social life of the community in later pagan times and during the early Middle Ages. We have stories of the chase, in which the people revelled. We have warfare, but not so exhaustively or precisely delineated in details as are other aspects of the passing history. We have bounteous hospitality and a patriotic chivalry ; and further, the contrast between

Christianity and paganism, or of the opposing principles that were struggling for victory, which appeared at times in sharp and bitter antagonism. It is a striking feature of the romances that those of the earlier or pre-medieval ones show a contrast between Christianity and paganism impersonated in Ossian and Patrick, which presents ideals in closer alliance with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than with the Middle Ages. In pre- and post-medieval times the attitude of Christianity is that of an uncompromising opponent of the prevailing paganism—it gives it no quarters—while in the middle period both look at each other with apparent self-satisfying complacency. There is wanting in the middle period on both sides that precision of statement and differentiation of the causes that stand opposed the one to the other which presents themselves in the other periods in language that may be harsh on the one hand, and frankly barbarous on the other, but which nevertheless indicate a vitality and a reality which impress upon the reader that here there are evidences of Christianity's youthful vigour in its first impact with paganism, as well as the certainty of faith and lofty ethics which sprung into lively exercise and fully developed during the post-reformation centuries in which the later manuscripts bearing the romances were written. This indomitable paganism reaches the highest level of defiance in the truly anthropomorphic conception of God with which Ossian rails at Patrick :—

' Were my son Oscar and God  
Hand to hand on the hill of the Fianns  
If I saw my son down  
I'd say that God was a strong man.'

The difference in the ballads of the middle period may truly be ascribed to the spirit of an age of moribund or decadent spiritual life rather than to the assiduity of any harmoniser who in his story might gloss over the prevailing thought in order to reconcile opposing principles. Still, all the ballads that cluster round Ossian are wonderfully

homogeneous in characterisation, in locale, in themes, and personages. Differences are more marked in style of expression, and in the tone and vigour with which thoughts are uttered. But throughout them all, there is a sensitiveness to nature that is impressive, there is a gentle pathos, a soft tone of melancholy that sometimes rises to a shrill cry of poignant yearning for the return of the days that are gone. There is a joyous bound, an intimate fellowship with animal life, a rush into the glamour of what is remote and illusory. And there is nothing in contemporary European literature that expresses the passion of love with such keen intensity as this song of Grainne for her beloved Diarmaid, which is as old as the tenth century :—

‘There lives a man  
On whom I would love to gaze long,  
For whom I would give the whole world.  
O Son of Mary ! though a privation.’

Though a heathen heroine proclaiming love by the Son of Mary presents a disturbing anachronism which would suggest the anxiety of a Christian redactor to enhance the charm of the unhappy wife of Fionn, that does not in the least invalidate the genuineness of the poem which was redacted. This solitary poem, in which we have Grainne’s deep and intense love for Diarmaid, gives a glimpse of what is really a sweetening and relieving tone, colouring the generally sombre romance of life in those far-off days. Nevertheless, those distant ages have transmitted to the modern Scot a good deal of their spirit, discernible in the sympathy with Nature, and love for the woodland, for the mountain and the sea which find expression in the literature of modern times. Their influence on our religious literature is even more marked. The claim of the Druidic priesthood to control the elements by means of incantations imposed upon the Christian missionaries the necessity of proving the superior powers of Christ, as being greater than the greatest Druid ; hence the origin of those invocations which were so potent in the sphere of the miraculous, and

which have invested the early missionaries with such super-human qualities as have made the record of their lives transmitted to us as fabulous as that of any modern necromancer or ancient Druid priest. The Luireach means a corslet or breastplate. Patrick's hymn, and hymns of a similar character, were intended to form a shield of defence against forces visible and invisible of varying degrees of animosity and hostility. This form of invocation, many examples of which are found in Dr. Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, have been succeeded by the charms which up to the present day are the analogous instrument used for similar purposes. The eschatology of our forefathers did not escape this influence. The pagans' view of hell was a place of exposure and cold. This conception arose undoubtedly from the climatic conditions that prevailed, where the most extreme penalty that could overtake a mortal would consist in being the shelterless victim of the roaring tempest, the piercing winds, and the dark and dismal night. This view of a place of torment is seen in the Christian hymnology of the Middle Ages, in the Fernaig Manuscript of 1689, and in David M'Kellar's poems of 1780, and others. In one of our oldest and most beautiful Gaelic hymns we have this expression :—

‘It were my soul’s desire  
Not to know cold hell.’

Duncan MacRae of Inverinate, writing in 1688 of the Day of Judgment, thus describes the condition of the lost :—

‘They shall depart so sadly  
Into cold hell where there is coldness.’

And another old poet says :—

‘What a fool to choose cold hell,  
The cave of prickly thorns !  
I shudder at the thought  
Of hell cold and wet.’

The pagan view of heaven was a land of eternal youth, the abode of warrior chiefs and princes—a green and sunny isle

floating somewhere in the Western Ocean, where the sun ever shone, and which bid defiance to the blowing horns of the howling tempest. Peace undisturbed prevailed, and the joyous buoyancy of a continuous youth formed the ideal of perfect happiness after which even the pagan mind had striven.

### 1500-1725

When Bishop Carswell published Knox's Prayer Book in Gaelic in 1659, he ushered in the first period of printed Gaelic literature, and deserves the enviable distinction of being the father of the printed literature of the Scottish Gael. His pious aim in publishing this book was to provide material for the guidance of the people in devotion. Now it is a canon of criticism that literature postulates a knowledge of letters, and it would certainly have been futile and a vain, self-sacrificing ordinance on the part of this first editor to throw the product of arduous labours on a community that were incapable of making use of the publication. Ireland and Scotland were politically, socially, and linguistically identical. There was a community of interest in the common heritage, and a free intercourse of thought and aspiration. Harpists, bards, story reciters, and scholars crossed and re-crossed, and it is safe to say that in no part of Britain was there such a mass of ancient literature and a keener cultivation of it. To suggest, as Lord Rosebery did at the recent celebrations at St. Andrews, that the overthrow of the Northern Celts at Harlaw in 1411 was the conquest of barbarism by civilisation is evidence of palpable ignorance or an ignoring of the potency of letters and literature as factors in civilising races. During the supremacy of the Lords of the Isles over large tracts of the north of Ireland and the whole of the north and the west of Scotland, colleges of learning were encouraged by these petty monarchs; and from the suggestive reference in Carswell's dedicatory epistle to 'the learned men in Albhan and Eireand, skilled in poetry and history and some good

scholars,' there is clearly indicated the prevalence of letters among the people in his day, while the further reference to 'those who prefer and practice the forming of vain, hateful, and lying earthly stories about Tuatha de Dhanond and about the songs of Melesius, and about the heroes of Fiann Maccumhil, and about many others whom I shall not number or tell off in detail' puts beyond any reasonable doubt that there existed a mass of literature, either in manuscript or orally recited, which unfortunately has not been transmitted to us. It would have been interesting to know the stories about the 'many others' here referred to, and what these stories reflected of the life and ways of the community at the time.

Following upon Carswell's book, of which only three copies are now known to exist, one of which—the Duke of Argyll's—was sold a few years ago in a London saleroom for £500, the next book to appear in Gaelic is Calvin's Catechism, translated in Argyllshire, 1631; the first fifty Psalms, translated and published by the Synod of Argyll in 1631. Kirk's Psalter appeared in 1684; Lawrence Charteris Catechism in 1688; Kirk's Bible, 1690; Nicolson's *Historical Library*, 1702; Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, translated by the Rev. Mr. MacFarlane, 1725; *Confession of Faith*, 1725; Macdonald's *Vocabulary*, 1741. At the end of Kirk's Bible there are a few pages of vocabulary, and attached to the fifty Psalms of 1651 is a Shorter Catechism, and to the complete Book of Psalms in 1694 is also added a Catechism. Not less than eight editions of the Psalms and the Catechism passed through the press before 1745. In the Dean of Lismore's book, which came to light at a much later date, we have religious poems. The Fernaig Manuscript, published in the *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, contains also many pieces composed about 1689 of a religious and political nature. We have the Book of Clanranald Macvurich, which contains to a large extent the history of the wars of Montrose, Ossianic ballads, and eulogies of living heroes of the Clan Donald. But this is by no means the

entire literature of the period. It is the small beginnings of printed literature, traversing only a short, and in many respects an unfruitful, period. When John Reid published the *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica* in 1832, the entire literature of the Highlands then amounted to four hundred and sixty volumes, including editions and reprints, but now it has reached nearly fifteen hundred and fifty. The only printed material of the period under review is what has already been referred to. Before now the Gaels of Ireland were gradually separating politically and linguistically from the Gaels of Scotland. With the gradual advance of the Reformation the gap between both was widening, but the Highlands were awakening to a deeper interest in religion and letters. It is not therefore surprising that the entire output is of a religious character.

Although it is admitted that we owe our Christianity to Ireland, it is not sufficiently recognised that we owe also to the same country the divine oracles that enshrine it. In 1602 William O'Donnel published the New Testament in Gaelic with type supplied by Queen Elizabeth, which is the first published edition of the Scriptures in that language either in this country or in Ireland. Bishop William Bedell, an Englishman, prominent as a Protestant and as an indefatigable Churchman, was appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1627, and was raised in 1629 to the bishopric of Kilmore and Ardagh in Ireland. He addressed himself soon after his enthronement to the praiseworthy enterprise of getting the Scriptures into the language of the people. These are his own words in his biography :—

‘ And surely it was a work agreeable to the mind of God that the poor Irish, being a very numerous nation, besides the greater half of Scotland, and all those islands called Hebrides, that lie in the Irish Sea, and many of the Orcades also that speak Irish, should be enabled to search the Scriptures (as others) that in them they might find the way that leads to everlasting life, which they could never do whiles the Scriptures remained a sealed book to them.’

In this work he was helped by Murtach King and Owen O'Sheridene. His translation was published in 1685, and two hundred copies of Bedell's Bible were sent for distribution among the families in the Highlands of Scotland. Robert Kirk of Balquhidder, who has not received deserved recognition at the hands of his countrymen, conceiving the difficulty that people might have in reading the Bible in Irish characters, undertook and finished transcribing the whole Bible and New Testament into Roman letters in 1690. So laborious and industrious was this man, both in the transcription of the Bible and in the translation of the Psalms, that he adopted the novel device of preventing himself from falling asleep when engaged with his task by holding a piece of lead in his mouth over a basin of water, whose splash summoned his mental activities into livelier exercise. Thus indirectly, as has been noted, the Bible has come to us from across the Channel. But it should not be forgotten that the charge of neglect against the clergy of Scotland in the field of literature, and in providing the sacred Scriptures for the people, is not entirely warranted by the facts, for we find the Rev. Dugald Campbell of North Knapdale, at the instigation of the Synod of Argyll, translating the Pentateuch and some other parts into Gaelic before November 1660, and he was advised to proceed immediately with the translation of Ecclesiastes. His manuscript, which has not been published, has had a chequered career, and is now believed to be deposited somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sydney, New South Wales.

The literature under review has flowed down to us in two parallel channels, widely separated, refreshing and fertilising the same soil. This soil is the Highland people. In the one channel flowed the religious and sacred writings and sayings; in the other, the purely secular. Between the two there was a difference in ideals, in ethics, and morality. The one appealed to and tried to uplift man in his spiritual side, the other largely addressed itself to the human emotions and feelings, and developed the

sensuous in man. The unfortunate antagonism that appears between these two in our literature was hurtful to both. The religious writers and readers, instead of assimilating the truly beautiful elements in the secular, ostracised it as a whole because of certain gross defects in parts. This tended to make the secular more coarse, and helped indirectly to introduce into it that immoral realism that is a painful feature of later poets. Still it is true that both contributed their share in developing that mental culture and personal characteristics that distinguish our people to-day. To the religious we look for the history of ecclesiastical questions and problems, and in them we find invaluable aid to a true appreciation of the controversies of the time. A poet, in the Book of the Dean of Lismore, who is an eyewitness, speaking before 1512, says :—

‘I myself, Robert, went  
Yesterday to a monastery,  
And I was not allowed in  
Because my wife was not with me.’

This naïvely suggestive allusion indicates the state of public feeling towards the questionable morality within the monasteries that is worth more than volumes of present-day apologetics or ingenious critical discussions. Nor need one hesitate for a moment to affirm the sturdy Episcopacy of Duncan MacRae of Inverinate (1688), who wrote :—

‘But keep us united  
In this thy true faith  
From the haverings and lies  
Of Presbyterian and Priest.’

The development of theological thought within the community we find reflected in the religious poetry of the period, of which there is a considerable quantity of varying merit. The progress of Reformed thought can easily be traced. The invocations and poems of adoration gradually give place to that introspection which reaches its full development in a later period. The doctrine of sin, of

judgment, the atonement, retribution, and the like are referred to, but of real didactic verse we have little. The teaching poets had not yet arrived.

When religion in its various aspects impresses a people for the first time, it is itself also invariably impressed. Amalgamating the enthusiasm of the new convert, it gives gaiety to his joy, tone to his ecstasy, and gloom to his melancholy. Though it destroys the credulity of scepticism, it may exaggerate the credulity of superstition in the mind that is neither enlightened nor analytical. Thus the prophecies of such men as the Brahan Seer, a crystal gazer who was born in the island of Lewis in the beginning of the seventeenth century, were indeed an important part of our oral literature. They were accepted by a religious people whose joy or gloom having been intensified by mental concentration on the newly discovered prophecies of revelation impels them to give credence to whatever makes a fair claim to come within the region of the prophetic. On this assumption can we fairly account for this class of literature, whose rise synchronises with the introduction of the Christian faith, and its decay with the advance and enlightened knowledge of that faith.

Concurrently with the published literature, there floated among the people the medical literature of the M'Conachers, M'Beaths, or Beatons, comprising discussions on the physical sciences, astronomy, astrology, philosophy, and metaphysics, oral traditions and romances, as well as a mass of poetry that reflected the passing phases of life. Among the contributors to this stream of literature, we have such men as Maclosa O'Daly, chief sage or poet of Eirin and Alba, died 1185; Muiredhach Albannach, died 1224; Tadg O'Higgin, died 1448; and others. Later, we have James Macgregor, the Dean of Lismore, with his brother Duncan, 1512-26; Duncan Macrae of Inverinate and his two clerical brothers, and the Macvurichs; Domnall Mac Fhionnlaidh na Dan, who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century; and to this period belong M'Intyre—the Bard of

Macintosh—Maclean of Duart, Mary Maclean, the middle of the seventeenth century; Nicossain of Uist, John Macdonald, Ian Lom, 1620-1710; Archibald Macdonald, 1688; Angus Macdonald, Mary Macleod, 1650-1720; Brian, the Assynt poet; Julia Macdonald, 1670-1709. We have also Lachlan MacKinnon, died about 1734; Murdo Matheson, bard of Seaforth; Roderick Morrison, the blind harper; John Mackay, the hereditary family piper of Gairloch, and others. The most eminent of these is undoubtedly Mary Macleod. With her advent in the field of poetry came a marked change on the intricate and difficult metrics of the old Gaelic poetry. She, too, is the sweetest, most precise, and perhaps the most elegant of our poets. Her verses glide on with a soft and gentle smoothness, like waters running over the surface of polished stones. She describes to us the life in the halls of the high chiefs with a precision that marks the poem as a contribution to the history of the period. She eulogises the great men of the day. The chase, the mountain, the stag and hounds, and the social condition of the people surrounding the hall of the chieftain are all brought before our vision with discriminating and intelligent interest. John Macdonald, Ian Lom, has the honour of being the first of the long line of Jacobite poets. He is a satirist and a eulogist according to the subject which he handles. Montrose and the heroes of the Macdonalds are described in language and diction of high praise. His satires have a tone of asperity about them. Still his contribution to literature is of historical importance and high literary value. The other poets, like those in the Fernaig Manuscript, are deeply religious and strongly Jacobite as are nearly all the poets of the people. Peering across the vista of the ages, and looking to the literature that we have surveyed from early dawn till the end of the period under review, we find contributors to it from among the men whose intellects have been tutored in the schools, and from among the unlettered rustics of the country. The former may have been bound by the literary

convention of their times, the latter broke through these into fresh fields. The illiterate poets, like Mary Macleod and others of that class, are perhaps the most interesting, as being the most true to human nature. They lay in the lap of Nature, with their ear to her throbbing heart and their hand on her pulse. They watched the seasons' changing moods : they heard the sigh of the wind, the soft melancholy murmur of the waves upon the shore. The thunder, the storm, the moods and fancies of men, the tragic, pathetic, and comic in the drama of life, they have depicted to us in the poetry which has been transmitted. The class of poetry which predominates in this entire mass is the panegyric or eulogistic. The chieftains of later days are glorified without any fear of exaggerating their virtues, their courage, and their chivalry. This is what we might expect, for the spirit of Gaelic poetry is one of praise. The heroes of the Ossianic period may have been glorified impersonated gods ; their successors in the popular imagination were real men, to whom, however, glory and honour are ascribed in a similar unstinted fashion. The fervour of intense nationalism pervades the whole ; but the outlook is narrow, and prevents a worthy appreciation of forces and personages that oppose the national spirit and aspiration. We have songs of the chase, with the joy attached thereto ; we hear the clash of arms, and we see the carnage. Songs of industry and waulking songs have their note of practical interest, and reach their sublimest form during this period. The genealogical tree mingles with feats of valour and local social life of the people in songs that depict the varying phases of existing conditions. We have boat songs of three grades. There are lullabies too—so different from those of modern times ; a tone of melancholy softness pervades them. The thought of fear more than anything else seems to ring through them, and the effect of fairy belief comes into clear relief. There are no dramatic writings worthy of the name, nor are there lengthened epics with sustained power and a magnificent display like those of ancient Greece, and what is even more

striking, we have but few love-songs. True it is that Grainne long ago expressed her love for Diarmaid with a passion and intensity unparalleled in literature of the time. With the Dean of Lismore we find no such tenderness. His seven pieces that treat of women are satires of a bitter character. The chief satirist in the collection reaches the depth of his depreciation of womankind in the words : ' I dislike a table where a woman sits ; may my curse amongst women rest ' ; and yet again : ' It is best to have nothing to do with women.' There are occasionally pieces during the early post-Reformation period, such as Maclean of Duart's love-song (sixteenth century), which can equal, in the beauty of its description and the intensity of its affection, any of the best known love-songs of a later age :—

'The topmost grain in the ear,  
As sapling that in young wood grows,  
As the sun that hideth the stars  
So art thou among women.'

But the absence from the literature of any appreciable quantity of such songs must be traceable to aspects of religion and morality which had been transmitted from the early pagan times of matriarchy. It is Grainne that expresses her love for Diarmaid. Here is a sidelight thrown upon the facts of history which show the loose and unchecked relationship of womankind with man in pagan times, when the priority of the choice of spouse lay with the woman rather than with the man. This view of the social relationship filtered even through Christian ethics and morality down to the reformed times. The Norse invasion, too, had its baneful effect upon the morals of the people and the status of woman as is still observable in their subordination in those parts of the country where the Norse sway was felt strongest. The ethics which liberated woman from this thraldom, and elevated her to her position in the family and in society have been the outcome of the Reformed Faith, and not until the latter half of the eighteenth century was their effect clearly felt upon the literature of the Scottish Gael.

*(To be continued.)*

## TOPOGRAPHICAL VARIA—V

W. J. WATSON, LL.D.

*dubron dobhar*

THE term *dubron*, water, if we judge by its survivals in French names of places, must have been common in ancient Gaul. It appears in the modern names Dovern, water, Douvres (repeatedly), waters, and in several compounds, more or less disguised, such as Bondoufle, Verdoublé,<sup>1</sup> the latter of which is mentioned by Pliny as Vernodubrum, i.e. alder-water, or, as we should put it in modern Gaelic, an t-alltan fearna, Gaulish *vernus* becoming *fearna* in Gaelic. Doevert, in Gelderland, was of old Dubridun from a still older Dubrodunon, water-fort. The river Douro in Spain and Portugal (called in Spanish Duero), is in Latin *Durius*, and therefore cannot be connected with *dubron*.

Dover, in England, is in French *Douvres*, representing an Old Celtic locative plural *Dubris*, at the waters, which actually appears on record more than once. The reference is not to the waters of the English Channel, but to the waters of two small brooks which enter the sea at, or near, Dover harbour.<sup>2</sup>

In modern Welsh *dubron* becomes *dwfr*, common in stream names; Cornish *dowr*; Breton *dour*. In Old Irish it was *dobor*; Gaelic *dobhar*, now obsolete in the spoken language, but preserved in compounds, and in many stream and place-names. The oldest Scottish instance occurs in Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, written before A.D. 700, where Columba is recorded to have baptized an aged chief in Skye named Artbranan, 'and the river of the place in which he received baptism is to this very day called by the inhabitants after his name Dobur Artbranani.' This interesting

<sup>1</sup> v. Holder s.v. *Dubra*.

<sup>2</sup> *British Place Names in their Historical Setting*, p. 108.

name appears to have been lost. The stream in question was probably quite a little burn.

Dobhar appears at least twice in combination with the preposition *eadar*, between, in the names Edirdovar, now Redcastle, in Ross-shire on the Beauly Firth, and Eddradour in Perthshire. In both cases the 'waters' in question are mere streamlets. It appears also in the two Aberdours (Banff and Fife), and in Aberchirder (Banff), \*Ciardhobhar, Swart Water.

Terminally *dobhar* occurs in Aberarder (Strathnairn and Loch Laggan), outflow of the high water. The Loch Laggan stream-name without the 'aber' is seen in Coire Ardobh-air, high-water corry, and in Uinneag Ardobhair, high-water window. Auchter-arder means high-water upland. Fe-arder, Deeside, near Balmoral is the bog-channel (*fèith*) of the high water. The popular explanation of the rivers Leader and Adder as grey water and long water respectively is more than doubtful in view of very old spellings which give no countenance to the idea. The common stream-name Calder, in Gaelic *Caladar*, may represent Caladobhar, calling water, from the root *cal*, cry, call, which gives rise to the Balquhidder Calair, notorious for its noise.<sup>1</sup> Dr. MacBain, however, always preferred to explain Calder as from a primitive \*Calentora, calling water.

Two very interesting cases in which *dobhar* occurs in composition have, I believe, not been hitherto noted. The first is Duror, Argyll, which appears in Macfarlane's *Geographical Collections* and elsewhere<sup>2</sup> as Durgour, Durgoure, Durrour, Dorgowar. This spelling points to the confusion—common in old records—between *gh* and *dh*, the two sounds being in this position identical. Other record spellings are Durwoin 1476; Duroune 1478; Durgune 1493. Durgwyn 1520.<sup>2</sup> In still older records, of which the originals are now unfortunately lost, noted in Robertson's *Index to Missing Charters*, Duror appears as Durdoman,

<sup>1</sup> Caldour near Kelso is Caledofre.—*Monastic Annals of Teviotdale*.

<sup>2</sup> *Reg. Mag. Sigilli. and Orig. Parochiales*.

Durdomon. Here there is obvious confusion between final *n* and final *r* (a confusion easily paralleled), while in Robertson's spellings *m* has been written or printed for *w*, also an error easily made. Durdoman, therefore, should be amended to Durdowar, and so on with the others, giving an old *Dùrdhobhar*, representing a primitive \*Dūro-dubron. In modern Gaelic *dùr* means dull, stubborn; in the older language it meant hard; used also in O. Ir. as a noun meaning 'daingean,' a fortress. In Gaulish names *dūros* is exceedingly common (*v.* Holder), and its neuter form *dūron* meant a fortress. In Britain Duro-brivae, the name of two Roman stations, now Castor and Rochester, is taken to mean 'the bridges at the fort.' Thus Duror may mean either Hard-water (*i.e.* Rocky-water) or Fort-water. That the name is primarily that of a stream is indicated by modern usage, which still speaks of Abhainn Dùroir and Glen Duror. The district is referred to as Dùror na h-Appan, Duror of Appin. The name is Pictish doubtless.

The other instance referred to is Morar, on the west coast of Inverness-shire. The name Morar applies to a large district divided by Loch Morar into North Morar and South Morar. The waters of Loch Morar fall into the sea by way of Abhainn Mórar, a stream only a few furlongs in length. It is this stream, however, which has given its name first to the loch, then to the district. The ancient spellings (fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) are Moreobyr, Mordhowar, Mordhowor, Moreovyr, Morowore, which, taken together, clearly indicate *Mórdhobhar*, great-water. In both Duror and Morar the total disappearance of *dh* after *r* is the normal thing, cf. Inbhir (Dh)ùbhghlais, Inbhir (Dh)uinnid, Obar (Dh)eathain, Inveruglas, Inverinate, Aberdeen. In Gaelic literature the spelling of Morar has been affected through folk-etymology. In the Book of Clanranald<sup>1</sup> there occur the curious forms 'do mhorshróin,' 'Tigherna Mhóiróin.' In *Gillies's Collection*, pp. 287, 289, there is 'Eas Mhor-oir,' which is sufficiently correct, but

<sup>1</sup> *Reliquiae Celticae*, vol. ii. pp. 180, 214.

John Mackenzie in the *Beauties* writes 'Eas Mor-thir,' p. 160, and elsewhere he adopts the same spelling. This confusion with *mórthir*, mainland, appears also in *Fáilte na Mórthir*,<sup>1</sup> 'S ann a tha 'n othail air bodaich na Mórthir,' the name of a pipe tune. Morar is not now, so far as I know, accompanied by the article, but it is just possible that the feminine forms are so far justified in that *dobhar*, originally neuter, may have been treated as feminine in Scottish Gaelic. As to that, however, no certain data seem to exist.

The diminutive *dobhrag*, feminine in form, according to modern usage,<sup>2</sup> occurs as the name of several brooks or brooklets, e.g. Dobhrag between Shandwick and Arabella in Easter Ross, now a mere ditch; and Dobhrag, the Gaelic form of the Aldourie Burn, Dores. The local rhyme is

Durus is Darus is Dobhrag,  
Dores Dares and Dówrag.<sup>3</sup>

Parallel to *dobhrag* is *dobhran*, masculine in form.<sup>4</sup> Above Achterneed, Strathpeffer, are Dobhran and Creag Dhobhrain, where *dobhran* means 'a wet place,' i.e. a place where the water from the hillside is apt to collect. (Cf. *braonan*, a damp place, from *braon*.) I recall no streamlet here, though there may, of course, have been one. With this goes Beinn Dobhrain in Argyll. It is hard to say whether *dobhran* is here a stream-name or a place-name. Not far from it is Inveroran, at the spot where a small burn, Allt Orain (for Allt Dóbhrain), falls into Loch Tealla. Inveroran is for Inbhir Dhobhrain, the *dh* disap-

<sup>1</sup> *Beauties*, p. 125.

<sup>2</sup> In the old language this ending was used also to form masculine diminutives.

<sup>3</sup> Another rhyme runs:—

Mil' eadar Durus is Darus,  
Mil' eadar Darus is Dà.

A mile between Dores and Dares,  
A mile between Dares and Dà.

<sup>4</sup> In common speech *dóbhran* means 'otter,' in which sense it is not uncommon in place-names, but is used with the article, e.g. Rudha 'n dóbhrain, 'otter point' (Colonsay), lag an dóbhrain, 'otter hollow' (Iona).

pearing after *r* as in Morar, Duror, etc. above. In the same region near Crianlarich (Gaelic Crithionnlaraich, Aspen-site) is Inverardran, where the mountain stream from Coire Ardrain enters the Dochart. In 1377 Inverardran appears as Inverhardgwrane.<sup>1</sup> Here *g* stands for *dh* exactly as in Durgour above, with which allowance we have an excellent phonetic spelling of Inbhir Arddhobhrain, Inver of the high streamlet.

From the above it will be seen that *dubron*, with its various modern forms, is found over the whole Celtic area, continental and insular.

The forms ·Duror from ·Dūrdhobhar; ·Morar from Mórdhobhar; ·Arder from ·Arddhobhar; Inbhir ·Ardrain from Inbhir ·Arddhobhrain are instructive examples of the influence of the powerful stress accent in Gaelic.

### *mig*

*Mig* appears as the base of many names in Pictland. Behind Bonar in Sutherland is Migdale, in the thirteenth century Miggevet and Miggeweth, now in Gaelic Migein, with an un-Gaelic *g*, like that of English pig. The precipitous rocky hill on the north side of Loch Migdale is Creag Mhigein. It is quite possible that those three—Migdale, Miggevet or Miggeweth and Migein—were once independent names of different places in the basin of Loch Migdale. Migvie in Stratherrick is in Gaelic Migeaghaidh. It lies low on the south side of Loch Garth. There are also Dal-migavie in Strathdearn, in Gaelic Dail Mhigeaghaidh, and Creag Mhigeachaidh (MacBain) behind Feshie Bridge and Laggan-lia in Badenoch. In Aberdeenshire there is the parish of Migvie and Tarland, in 1183 Migeueth, 1200 Migaveth, clearly the same to start with as the Sutherland Miggeweth. Another Migvie occurs in Lochlee parish, Forfarshire. In Aberdeenshire Midstrath (Birse) was in 1170 Migstrath; 1511 Megstrath, still Migstra in ver-

<sup>1</sup> *Reg. Mag. Sigilli.*

nacular Scots—a boggy strath. Midmar in the same county was written Migmar down to 1500 at least, and is still pronounced so in Gaelic. The three divisions of Marr are Bráigh Mharr, Braemar; Crò Mharr, Cromar; and Mig Mharr. Strathmiglo in Fife was in 1200 Stradimigglock. Meigle, Perthshire, was of old Migdele and Miggil, now Migeil in Gaelic. Near Comrie as one goes to Glenartney is Miggar, in Gaelic Migear, and in Glenlyon there is Meggernie, in Gaelic Migearnaidh. Other instances, of which, however, neither the Gaelic forms nor the old spellings are available, are Creag Meggen, in Glenmuick, Aberdeenshire (cf. Creag Mhigein above); Craigie Meg in Glen Prosen, Forfarshire; Craig Mekie in Glen Isla; Meggit Water flowing into St. Mary's Loch, whence Yarrow issues, both Old British names.

As to the meaning of this frequently occurring base, MacBain, dealing with Creag Mhigeachaidh in Badenoch, referred to *mig, meig*, the bleating of a goat. But this explanation, though phonetically admissible, does not suit the localities, nor yet the nature of the compounds, e.g. Mig Mar, Migstrath. The fact is that *mig* is the Pictish for a bog. In Wales we have Kenvig, 'a ridge above a bog,' from Welsh *mig*, bog, which appears in migwern (for mig-gwern), a boggy meadow; migwyn (for mig-gwyn), cotton grass; canach; mign, a bog, quagmire. In Old Welsh there occur Gueith Meicen and Rit Meigen<sup>1</sup> battle of the bog, ford of the bog. The battle of Meicen was fought in 633 A.D., and in the Saxon Chronicles is called the battle of Haethfelth, Heathfield, practically a translation of the British name. Of the places noted above, all that I know by inspection, and all of which I have information, are naturally boggy or marshy. With regard to the occurrence of such names as Creag Mhigein, Creag Mhigeachaidh, etc., it is to be noted that they are exact parallels to Creag Dhobhrain, mentioned under *dobhran* above, that is to

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. Anwyl, 'Wales and the Britons of the North,' *Celtic Review*, vol. iv. pp. 127, 260.

say, the meaning is Rock of Miggen, etc.; the rock is called after the boggy place near its foot.

In Migeard, the base *mig* is extended by the suffix *-ar*, as in Dollar.

Migearnaidh may be an exact parallel to Welsh *migwern*, pl. *migwernydd*, a marshy meadow, which describes the place; or it may show the extensions *-ar-n-ach*.

Miglo, old Miglock, may show the suffix *-lach*, as in G. *teaghlaich*, W. *teulu*.

The extension seen in *Mig-vie*, *Mig-o-vie*, *Mig-eaghaidh*, or *Mig-eachaidh*, *Migg-e-weth* is puzzling, partly on account of the apparent variation in the Gaelic pronunciation as compared with the old spellings, and partly because it is difficult to say what value should be attached to the *-th* or *-t* of these old forms. The Gaelic *gh* sound as against the modern and record *v* may be due in part to the fact that *gh* (and *dh*) were at one time frequently sounded *v* in Gaelic, as they still are in certain words in certain districts (e.g. *diadhaidh*, *truaghan*, *mu dheighinn*). In dealing with a Pictish word Gaelic speakers would be apt to treat the *v* as a *gh*, and level it up to *gh* by analogy. With regard to the *th* of the old forms, if it was really meant for *th* and not for *ch*, it may perhaps represent the faint sound of final *gh* (now silent). We shall probably be right in comparing *Migovie* with *Multovie*, *Muckovie*, *Rovie*, *Arcavie*, *Rinavie*, all Gaelicised Pictish names, involving the old *magos*, plain, which in the short form *-ma*, mutated into *-fa*, meaning place, spot, is a favourite Cymric ending, occurring also not uncommonly in Irish names such as *Fearnmhagh*, *Farney*, alder plain.<sup>1</sup>

### *Baile Bhaodan*

The old parish church of Ardchattan stood on an eminence behind the Priory 'in a pleasant place where the sun uses daily to ryse upone, when it ryseth upone one pairt

<sup>1</sup> The modern Welsh plural of names in *fa* of this meaning is *-feydd*, which would give *Miggeweth* exactly, but in old Welsh the form is *-feu*, e.g. *aerfa*, battlefield, pl. *aerfeu*.

of the country, and this is called Kilbedan.<sup>1</sup> Its well-built walls and gables are still standing except the south wall, which is ruinous. It is often referred to as a chapel, but it was in reality a fairly large church, the parish church of Ardchattan. Old references to it are 'the kirk of Balliebodane in Bendaraloch,' 1603; Ballebadin and Bendraloche, 1631, 1632; Ballibodan or Kilboden in Bendaraloch, 1697.<sup>2</sup> At the present day it is always Baile Bhaodan, never Cill Bhaodan. Near the church, in the side of a ravine to the east of it, and approached by an alley of arching branches, is a well, said to have been called Tobar Bhaodan, and once reputed holy. In Glen Salach, between Loch Etive and Loch Creran, about a mile eastward of the church, there was a stone called Suidhe Bhaodan, now blasted in pieces.<sup>3</sup> Baodan is the modern Gaelic form of Baedan, of old a very common name among the Gael of Dalriada and of Ireland, and borne by kings and saints. An old tract on the Scots of Dalriada<sup>4</sup> records that a chieftain of Lorn, Fergus Salach, son of Lorn mór, had five sons, one of whom was Baedan 'v tigi leis,' i.e. he was head of five houses. By a curious coincidence, the Ardchattan district is now and has been from time immemorial divided into five principal steads, viz. Achnaba, Ardachy, Inneon, Ardchattan and Inveresragan. Although the matter hardly admits of proof, it is not altogether fanciful to suppose that Baile Bhaodan may have been the headquarters of this Lorn petty headman the son of Fergus Salach, who may have turned cleric. The name was common: the fact that there appear on record Kilbedan in Morvern, 1509, and Kilbadan Ardgour, 1536, is clear proof that it was borne by a saint, whether that saint was the son of Fergus or not. To prevent confusion, it should be mentioned that the Kinelvadon, i.e. Cineal Bhaodan, whose habitat was

<sup>1</sup> Macfarlane's *Geographical Collections*, vol. ii. p. 153 (*circa* 1650).

<sup>2</sup> *Origines Parochiales*, vol. ii. p. 148.

<sup>3</sup> The same fate has overtaken Suidhe Chrèunan, a block of stone behind Kilchrenan (Cill Chrèunan) on Loch Awe.

<sup>4</sup> Skene, *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*, p. 513.

Morvern, appear to have been named after Baedan mac Echach mhic Muredach mhic Loairn mhóir, *i.e.* a great-grandson of the eponymus of Cineal Loairn. The other Baedan, dealt with above, was Baedan mac Fergusa Salaig mhic Loairn mhoir, *i.e.* a grandson of Lorn.

Cosmo Innes in the *Origines Parochiales*, following the *New Statistical Account* of Ardchattan, states that the parish church was dedicated to St. Modan. Dr. Skene in his second volume follows Cosmo Innes in the same error, and Dr. Story following Skene dilates with poetic fervour on the connection of St. Modan with Ardchattan. There is not a scrap of evidence for such connection other than the unsupported statement of the *New Statistical Account*, which is based on a mis-spelling, viz. Bal Mhaodan for Baile Bhaodan. The Modan myth is a figment of a class unfortunately too common. The surprising thing is that Cosmo Innes and Skene should have countenanced it in defiance of the records which they knew so well. But apart from the evidence of the records, Modan is in Irish Muadan, which could by no possibility become Maodan in Scottish Gaelic.

### *Dùn Bhallaire*

This is the name of the lofty rock beside Ledraig, Benderloch, which has been tortured by folk etymologists into Dùn Bhaile an Righ. The hoax is fairly old. It was not, however, originated by Pennant, who visited the place on 10th August 1772, and observed ‘a range of low hills, at whose western extremity is an entrenchment called Dun-valirè.’ The first edition of Anderson’s *Guide* (1834) says ‘this ridge is called Dun Bhail an Righ, the hill of the king’s town.’ Cosmo Innes in the *Origines Parochiales* incautiously accepts this statement, and further breaks up Pennant’s spelling into Dun-val-i-re, apparently to support the fictitious etymology of the *Guide*. The myth thus accredited and advertised was further spread and popularised by Smith in his book on *Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisneach*, and by

others, till it has now become almost an article of faith. At Ledaig one is told that the name is Dun Bhaile an Righ. 'Did not the King of Scotland once live close by in Dùn Mac Snitheachan ? No, that is not what they really call it among themselves—they call it Dun Bhallaire. But it *ought* to be Dun Bhaile an Righ—learned men have said so !' It is hardly necessary to point out that the broad *ll* and the stress accent on the first syllable of *Ballaire* are fatal to this pleasant theory. The *bona fide* present Gaelic pronunciation is exactly that of Pennant's time.

The most probable, if prosaic, explanation is from *ballaire*, a cormorant, 'Cormorant Dùn,' and the name may be compared with Beinn Trileachan, 'Ben of the Oystercatchers,' on the north side of Loch Etive, about half way between Bunawe and the head of the loch.'

*Additions (Top. Var. iv.)*

- p. 72. Loch Dochfour, between Loch Ness and the river Ness, is in Gaelic an Eadarloch.
- p. 73. Caistealan nam Fiann, cf. Castella Brigantum, Juvenal, *Sat.*, 14, 196. The sons of Usnech had *fianbhothan*, hunting lodges, in Alba.
- p. 79. With the ending of Alltais, etc. may be compared Holder's restorations \*Bebro-vaston, Beverst, Beaver-stead; \*Divo-vaston, Diest; \*Novio-vaston, Naoust, Newstead. Also Vasta, Vastense, Vastinum.

The Cymric equivalent perhaps appears in Gwas-moric, a place of old near Carlisle (cf. McClure—*British Place Names*, pp. 137, 138).

Additional examples of *fas* are :—

Fas-an-darroch, near Dinnet, Deeside, close to an old highway that crossed the Dee.

Allt an Fhaslaghairy (Rob Donn) in Sutherland; i.e. fas-longphort.

Fas-caple, Gaelic Fas a' Chapuill, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire; cf. for meaning Marefhasaidh.

- p. 80. Additional examples of *fasadh* :—

Am Fasad, a level bit of land near where the Allt Mór

(the Wester Bunloit burn) falls into Loch Ness. It is at the foot of one of the steepest and longest braes on the road between Rùsgaich and Caisteal na Sròine—Urquhart Castle.

Am Fasadh, near Foxhole School, Kiltarlity.

Am Fasadh, at the parish march, west of Bridge of Oich, north side.

Allt an Fhasaidh, on the south side of the Strontian river, with Dail an Fhasaidh by its side.

Fasadh Bradaig, presumably somewhere in Lochaber (Munro's *Gaelic Grammar*, 2nd ed., p. 223):

Rudha an Fhasaidh (on maps Rudh' an Aiseid) in Eigg.

This is the only *fasadh* noted in the Western Isles so far. The last five instances are from the Rev. C. M. Robertson.

#### *Correction*

p. 74, l. 5 read 'G. fonn doimhneid.'

From the MSS. of the late Rev. Father ALLAN MACDONALD of Eriska. The following were taken down from Mary Ann Morrison, Kilpheder, South Uist, aged eighteen.

#### DA THRIOLACH DHÍAG 'S AN ATHAIR

CHAIDH iad latha bhuain mona 's 'nuair bha iad a' buain na mona thachair bad meacain riutha. Dh'fhiach e fhein an toiseach air a spionadh 's cha deanadh e 'n gnothuch. Dh'eubh e air Triolach. Rug Triolach air athair. Thoisich iad air a thudadh a null 's air a thudadh a nall, 'g a bhuain mhoineadh<sup>1</sup> 's 'g a chruaidh cheangal; ge bu dubh an ceann, 's ge bu dearg an com, cha togadh iad cluas a' mheacain bho leacan trom an talmhuinn. Thainig an sin da Thriolach 's rug e air aon Triolach 's rug aon Triolach air athair 's thoisich iad air.

<sup>1</sup> The word can have nothing to do with peats (*mòine*, gen. *mòna*).

A thudadh a null  
 'S a thudadh a nall,  
 'G a bhuan mhoineadh  
 'S 'g a chruaidh cheangal,  
 Ge bu dubh an ceann  
 'S ge bu dearg an com  
 Cha togadh iad cluas a' mheacain  
 Bho leacan trom an talmhuinn.

Thainig an sin tri Triolach 's rug e air da Thriolach  
 's rug da Thriolach air aon Triolach 's rug aon Triolach  
 air athair 's rug athair air cluas a' mheacain, 's thoisich iad air

A thudadh a null, etc., etc.

Thainig an sin ceithir Triolach 's rug e air tri Triolach etc.  
 etc. Thainig an sin coig Triolach etc. etc. Thainig an sin sia Triolach etc. Thainig an sin seachd Triolach etc. etc. Thainig an sin ochd Triolach etc. Thainig an sin naoi Triolach etc. etc. Thainig an sin deich Triolach etc. Thainig an sin aon Triolach diag etc. Thainig an sin da Thriolach diag. Rug da Thriolach diag air aon Triolach diag 's rug aon Triolach diag air deich Triolach 's rug deich Triolach air naoi Triolach 's rug naoi Triolach air ochd Triolach 's rug ochd Triolach air seachd Triolach 's rug seachd Triolach air sia Triolach 's rug sia Triolach air coig Triolach 's rug coig Triolach air ceithir Triolach 's rug ceithir Triolach air tri Triolach 's rug tri Triolach air da Thriolach 's rug da Thriolach air aon Triolach 's rug aon Triolach air athair 's rug athair air cluas a' mheacain 's thoisich iad air,

A thudadh a null  
 'S air a thudadh a nall,  
 'G a bhuan mhoineadh  
 'G a chruaidh cheangal,  
 Ge bu dubh an ceann  
 'S 'g bu dearg an com,  
 Cha togadh iad cluas a' mheacain  
 Bho leacaibh trom an talmhuinn.

Dh'fhairtlich orra am meacan a bhuan, 's chaidh e fhein 's iad fhein dhachaидh. Co bha 'n sin ach an dreathan donn  
's a dha ian dhiag.

## THE TWELVE TRIOLACHS AND THEIR FATHER

They went one day to cut peats and while they were cutting the peats they happened upon a parsnip. He tried himself first to pluck it out but he could not manage it. He then called a Triolach. Triolach caught his father. They began to tug this way and to tug that way, to dig and to hard twist it, and though black their heads and though red their bodies they would not lift the ear of the parsnip from the heavy flagstones of the earth. Then came two-Triolach and caught one-Triolach and one-Triolach caught his father, and they began upon it—

Tugging this way  
 And tugging that way,  
 Digging it  
 And hard twisting it,  
 Though black their heads,  
 Though red their bodies,  
 They would not lift the ear of the parsnip,  
 From the heavy flag-stones of the earth.

Then came three-Triolach and caught two-Triolach and two-Triolach caught one-Triolach and one-Triolach caught his father and his father caught the ear of the parsnip, and they began to tug it this way etc. etc. Then four-Triolach came etc. etc. Then five-Triolach came etc. etc. Then six-Triolach came etc. etc. Then seven-Triolach came etc. etc. Then eight-Triolach came etc. etc. Then nine-Triolach came etc. etc. Then ten-Triolach came etc. etc. Then eleven-Triolach came, etc. etc. Then twelve-Triolach came and caught eleven-Triolach and eleven-Triolach caught ten-Triolach and ten-Triolach caught nine-Triolach and nine-Triolach caught eight-Triolach and eight-Triolach caught seven-Triolach and seven-Triolach caught six-Triolach and six-Triolach caught five-Triolach and five-Triolach caught four-Triolach and four-Triolach caught three-Triolach and three-Triolach caught two-Triolach and two-Triolach caught one-Triolach and one-Triolach caught his father and his father caught the ear of the parsnip and they began:—

Tugging this way,  
 And tugging that way,  
 Digging it,  
 And hard twisting it,  
 Though black their heads,  
 And though red their bodies,  
 They would not lift the ear of the parsnip  
 From the heavy flag-stones of the earth.

It defied them to pull the parsnip, and he himself and they themselves went home. Who was there but a brown wren and his twelve little birds.

‘TIUGAINN A DHEANAMH “A’ BHAINNE A BHA ’S A’  
 CHUINNEIG ” ’

Bha iad uile cruinneachadh ‘s bha fear dhiubh ‘n a shuidhe ‘s a’ mheadhon agus cach cruinn mu’ n cuairt air. Bha fear dhiubh air a chur a mach as a’ chruinneachadh. Bha an fheadhainn a bha cruinn a’ dunadh an duirn, ach gun an dunadh teann, agus bha iad a’ cur duirn os cionn duirn ach cha’n fhaodadh da dhorn an aon duine a bhi comhla, dh’fheumadh dorn fir eile a bhi eatorra. An uair a bha na duirn uile air an cur air doigh thigeadh am fear a chuireadh a mach as a’ chruinneachadh far an robh iad, agus shealladh e air an dorn a b’airde agus chanadh e ‘c’aité bheil am bainne a bh’anns a’ chuinneig ud ?’ Theireadh an fear a bha ‘na shuidhe ‘tha ‘s a’ chuinneig ud eile.’ Thugadh an sin lamh air falbh agus shealladh e anns an dara laimh agus theireadh eris ‘c’aité bheil am bainne bha ‘s a’ chuinneig ud ?’ Agus fhreagradh am fear a bha ‘n a shuidhe ‘tha ‘s a’ chuinneig ud eile.’ Agus mar sin air adhart gus mu dheireadh cha robh ann ach an aon lamh. ‘S dochá gur e lamh an duine fhein a bhiodh ‘n a shuidhe bhiodh ann, agus theireadh am fear eile ris ‘c’aité bheil am bainne bha ‘s a’ chuinneig ud ?’ ‘An sin fhreagradh am fear a bha ‘n a shuidhe ‘dh’ol an cat e.’ ‘C’ait ‘eil an cat ?’ ‘Tha fo’n t-sop.’ ‘C’ait ‘eil an sop ?’ ‘Loisg an teine e.’ ‘C’ait ‘eil an teine ?’ ‘Bhath an abhainn e.’ ‘C’ait ‘eil an abhainn ?’ ‘Dh’ol an t-each

dubh 's an t-each donn i.' 'C'ait 'eil an t-each dubh 's an t-each donn ?' 'Tha iad 's a' chill.' 'C'ait 'eil a' chill ?' 'Tha i aig a'ghobha 'g a càradh.' 'Bheil fhios agad a bheil an gobha no a bhean a stigh ?' 'Cha'n 'eil. Tha iad far a bheil Peadair agus Pol, 's thuirt iad riumsa gu'm biodh tri duirn deug agus deich busagan aig an duine chanas falal chon an can mise ris e. Bha iad an sin uile fanail samhach.' Cha robh duine cantail falal tuilleadh. A' cheud duine bhruidhneadh bha e faighinn nan dorn 's nam busaga.

#### 'LET'S PLAY AT THE MILK IN THE CHURN'

They all gathered. One sat in the middle and the others gathered round. But one was kept out of the gathering. Those who were gathered closed their fists loosely, and they put a fist above a fist, but one person might not have his two fists together—the fist of another person must be between. When the fists were all arranged the person who had been kept out of the gathering would come and he would look into the top fist and he would say, 'Where is the milk that was in that churn ?' The one who was sitting would say, 'It is in that other churn.' The top hand was then taken away and he would look in the next and he would say again, 'Where is the milk that was in that churn ?' And the one who was sitting would answer, 'It is in that other churn.' And so on till at last there was only one hand. Perhaps it was the hand of the one who was sitting himself and the other one would say to him again, 'Where is the milk that was in that churn ?' Then the one who was sitting would answer, 'The cat drank it.' 'Where is the cat ?' 'Under the straw.' 'Where is the straw ?' 'The fire burnt it.' 'Where is the fire ?' 'The river drowned it.' 'Where is the river ?' 'The black and the brown horse have drunk it.' 'Where are the black horse and the brown horse ?' 'In the graveyard.' 'Where is the grave-yard ?' 'The smith has it mending it.' 'Do you know if the smith or his wife is at

home ?' 'They are not. They are where Peter and Paul are, and they said to me that whoever would say a word before I gave him leave was to get thirteen fist-blows and ten slaps.' Then they all remained quiet. No one was saying another word. The first one who spoke would get the fists-blows and the slaps.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

*Selections from Straeon y Pentan.* By DANIEL OWEN. Edited, with Notes and Glossary. By T. GWYNN JONES. Wrexham : Hughes and Son, 1910. 1s.

Twenty years ago, in the preface to one of his 'Llyfrau Bach,' Mr. O. M Edwards observed that in answer to his questions why teachers in Wales taught their pupils nothing of Welsh literature 'the same answer was returned by each,—"There are no books."' It would be impossible to make that excuse now; in the last few years many excellent school-books of various kinds and adapted to students in various stages of proficiency have been issued by several Welsh publishers, among whom Messrs. Hughes & Son hold an honourable place. The present little volume, edited by Mr. T. Gwynn Jones, is of especial value because it aims at introducing the student not to literary Welsh but to the colloquial idiom, which differs somewhat widely from it. Those who, without a knowledge of the spoken tongue and without a teacher, have ever attempted to read a Welsh novel or short story containing much dialogue will appreciate to the full the service which Mr. Jones has rendered. Daniel Owen's delightful sketches of country life, full as they are of specimens of the Mold dialect, are of obvious value to the student of colloquial Welsh. They are here provided with notes and a glossary, which should remove most of the obstacles to their comprehension; and the usefulness of the volume is greatly increased by an excellent conspectus of the divergences of verb-forms from the literary idiom and an account of the popular pronunciation. A welcome feature of the glossary is the printing of dialectal words (frequently English) and forms in italics, thus enabling them to be readily picked out.

The volume gives one, in small compass, a very interesting view of the processes at work in the Welsh language as spoken in the nineteenth century; and its interest does not end with the student of Welsh. The English philologist also will find here noteworthy survivals of modifications in the use of English words adopted into Welsh. Thus we find the word *sad* used in its older sense of *serious*:—*reit sad*, 'quite serious.' Curious is the use of *syrfled* (English *surfeit*) as a term of reproach:—'Ych cath chi oedd y syrfled?' Was it your cat was the villain?

Of the selections themselves it is hardly necessary to speak. With their delightful humour and power of portraiture they are as good an introduction to Welsh life as to the Mold dialect.

H. I. B.

*Aig Tigh na Beinne.* By MRS. H. W. GRANT. Oban: Hugh Macdonald. 4s. 6d.

There are Gaelic books which rouse the demon of criticism in one from the very start. Apostrophes, accents, inflexions, idioms and the turn of the sentences, trail the tail of their coat before one on every page. In these respects, Mrs. Whyte Grant's book is not always above criticism, but one soon forgets everything else in the feeling that here is a Highland gentle-woman writing simply and tenderly of a life which is her own life, and of a race which is her own race. We do not need to be told, as we are in the preface, that the greater part of the book was actually written in Tigh na Beinne ; we feel at once that it was not only written there, but, better still actually lived there. This personal note runs through all the contents of the book, varied though they are both in prose and in poetry, but it grips us most in the simple domestic tales, with their delightful details of home life, and with their characteristic Highland refrain : *Och, och misel is fhada o'n am sin.* They do seem far away, those simpler healthier-days, but Mrs. Grant brings them back again to us, little the worse for their journey. The domestic tales form, however, less than one-third of the book. The windows of the House of the Ben have a remarkably wide outlook, and so we have here not only brave stories of Glencoe and Dunolly, not only interesting folklore about the 'Cailleach Bheur' and 'Holy Wells,' but also descriptions of travels in France and in Germany, and of a fortnight spent in a Roumanian vineyard. When it is added that, in addition to original poems of an uncommon type, there are translations, excellently done, of many popular English hymns and of poems by Schiller, Tennyson and others, one gets an idea of the wide culture and sympathies which have gone to the making of this book.

K. M.

*Old-Lore Miscellany of Orkney, Shetland, Caithness and Sutherland.* Vol. IV.

Coventry : Curtis and Beamish, Ltd. Printed for the Viking Club.

These collections contain much material of varied interest. A useful feature is a bibliography of books and pamphlets dealing with Sutherland and Caithness. Among the contents are selections from records of the Scattald marches of Unst, an account of Ackergill Tower, Caithness, a life of Rev. Alexander Pope, an Orkney Township before the division of the Commonty, a Peep into an Orkney Township (in dialect), together with notes, queries and answers thereto, on matters affecting the districts in question. The miscellany deserves all encouragement.

*Orkney and Shetland Records.* Vol. I.

*Caithness and Sutherland Records.* Vol. I. Coventry : Curtis and Beamish. Printed for the Viking Club.

The numbers to hand contain documents from the thirteenth century onwards printed *in extenso*, with translation where necessary. There are given, for instance, the relative extracts from Bagimont's Roll, 1276; valuable ecclesiastical documents, papers relating to the early lords of

Sutherland, and a series of seventeenth-century sasines, etc., of lands in Orkney and Shetland. The series provides in a handy and accessible form much of the foundational materials for sound history, and is thus of great importance.

*Betha Colmain Maic Luachain; Life of Colman, Son of Luachan.* Edited by KUNO MEYER. Royal Irish Academy. Todd Lecture Series. Vol. XVII. 2s. 6d.

Dr. Kuno Meyer presents this life in his usual scholarly style, with translation, introduction, notes, glossary and indices. Colman MacLuachain flourished in the seventh century. The *Life* was written, the editor believes, at Lann mac Luachain, in West Meath, and the language of its prose he considers to be that of the first half of the twelfth century, five hundred years after Colman's time. It contains little trustworthy information about the Saint himself. The writer, for reasons set forth in the introduction, is mainly concerned with piling miracle upon miracle to Colman's credit, and indirectly to the credit and profit of Lann, his monastery, but in course of his narration he conveys incidentally much valuable historical matter. In this respect Dr. Kuno Meyer places it next to the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick and the biographies of Colum Cille, as the richest and fullest among the lives of Irish saints that have come down to us.

P. 116, *conad i Muilinn Déé*: here *muileann*, originally neuter, is feminine. It is feminine in Lewis Gaelic at the present day.

P. 121, 'termud, perhaps miswritten for *tearmun*, protection.' Compare, however, *clach an tearmuid*, Colonsay; *Celt. Rev.*, vol. vii. p. 76.

*Hail Brigit: an Old-Irish Poem on the Hill of Allen.* Edited and translated by KUNO MEYER. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis and Co., Ltd. Pp. 24. 1s.

This interesting and beautiful little poem is considered to belong to the ninth century, and contemplates the fallen glories of the great hill-fort of Allen as contrasted with the flourishing state of Kildare, the neighbouring seat of St. Brigit. The fort of Allen was the largest in Ireland next to that of Emain Macha. On its supposed connection with Finn Mac Cumhaill Dr. Kuno Meyer says, 'The more one studies these old texts the more evident it becomes that the connection of Finn Mac Cumhaill with the hill of Allen rests on a confusion with his namesake (Finn mac Rossa) and of Alenn with Almu.' Finn mac Rossa, it is interesting to find, is called in a very old poem 'fiangal Find,' 'Find of the valour of warbands.' The poem enumerates kings and heroes gone: the land remains. 'God's counsel at every time concerning virgin Erin is greater than can be told; though glittering Liffey is thine to-day, it has been the land of others in their turn.' 'Of each generation which it reared in turn Liffey of Lorc has made ashes.'

'maid Currech cona lí . . . || . . . ní mair nach rí roboi for.'

'The Curragh with its glitter remains, none of the kings remains that lived thereon.'

In introduction and notes, Dr. Meyer contributes much to the understanding of the poem. A specially valuable note deals with proper names which derive their first or second element from *fid*, wood (our modern *fiodh*). These he shows to be numerous, and among them he classes *Muirredach* for *Muirfhedach* from *muir-fhid*, sea-wood=O. W. Morguid; also *Feredach*=*fer-fhedach* from *fer-fhid*, Man-wood. This latter we had always supposed to represent an Old-Celtic \**Ver-red-acos*, excellent chariot-man, equivalent in meaning to Corb-mac, and given as an *alias* for a certain Cormac in Keating, or \**Ve-red-acos*, with much the same meaning.

*Onomasticon Goedelicum Locorum et Tribuum Hiberniae et Scotiae: An Index, with Identifications, to the Gaelic Names of Places and Tribes.* By EDMUND HOGAN, S.J. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis and Co.; London: Williams and Norgate. 1910. 4to, pp. 696+xvi. 12s. 6d. net.

This important work was undertaken in 1900, when the author was already in his seventieth year. It is a wonderful performance, especially seeing that the Rev. Father Hogan had other heavy duties to attend to while engaged thereon. 'The book contains, firstly, the Gaelic place-names found in the many unprinted and printed volumes mentioned at the end of the Preface, with hints as to their gender and declension; secondly, their identifications, taken directly from the cited text and the context, or from several texts and contexts combined. Help was also sought from Lists of Townlands and Parishes, from the Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland, and from maps of the last three centuries. In addition are given the identifications to be found in the topographical notes of Colgan, O'Donovan, and Reeves, as well as of Hennessy, O'Curry, and MacCarthy. A map is given which outlines the relations of Diocesan and County boundaries.' It is necessary to note the author's caveat: 'It did not fall within the scope of this work to attempt any emendations of the texts utilised, or to reconcile the conflicting opinions of scholars on questions of identification.'

In so far as the work deals with the Gaelic forms of the place-names and tribes of Ireland, criticism on the part of the present writer would be impertinent. Indeed, any criticism would have to deal mainly with matters of omission and identification, and the author is far from claiming completeness. The Scottish names, in respect of which the book bears as its subtitle, 'The Gaelic Place Names of Ireland and Scotland,' are fairly numerous, as might be expected from the close connection that long existed between the two countries. For these, we are given the forms found in the Irish Annals and other Irish literature, Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, the *Book of Deer*, Skene's *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*, and the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, all good sources. Less valuable is Theiner's *Vetera Monumenta*. We miss, however, the names contained in the Books of Clanranald, printed in the *Reliquiae Celticae*. On the other hand, there are included, mostly in the first half of the book, a number of names that have no right to be there, names of which the forms given are not genuine forms known and used by

the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland, but conjectural restorations based on present Englished forms, or on present Englished forms eked out from charters. These conjectures possess various degrees of plausibility, but they are still conjectures. They may have a legitimate place in another work, but they do not add to the value of the *Onomasticon*. Had the author consulted any of the recognised Celtic scholars in Scotland, he would have been saved from including a good deal of unworthy matter of the kind referred to. Is it possible that Father Hogan was unaware of the existence of a Professor of Celtic in the University of Edinburgh?

The notes subjoined on the articles relating to Scotland are full in proportion to the importance which the *Onomasticon* must have in all future study of Celtic names of places. They might have been fuller, for I have omitted to note a good many conjectural resuscitations of names belonging to parts of Scotland where Gaelic has long died out, and where no native forms are therefore available. The contractions used by Father Hogan are: Inv.=Inverness Gaelic Society *Transactions*; Jo.=J. B. Johnston's *Place Names of Scotland*; Max.=Sir H. Maxwell's works on place-names; Dl.=Book of the Dean of Lismore; Sk.=Dr. Skene's *Celtic Scotland*. The Gaelic forms given by me (marked usually G.) are not conjectures, but the living forms still in use among the Gaelic speakers.

*abh bhrec*, Affric, Jo.]<sup>1</sup> G. Afraig, female name of old standing, v. *Celt. Rev.*, vii. 71; cf. the proper name Fobhreac. In Gaelic, -bh-bh- regularly becomes f.; cf. difer, fairfe.

*aba maileruba* in Ross-shire, now Amhan Marea.] Authority not specified; the name of the river was given to me as Abhainn Crosan.

*abha réidh*; r. Aray at Inverary, Jo.] Inverary is Inbhir Aora; the r. is Abhainn Aora, through Gleann Aora.

*abar brothóg?*]. G. Obar Bhrothaig, Arbroath.

*abar dhain*, Aberdeen; MacBean, *Gaelic Conversation*.] G. Obar (Dh)eathain.

*aber crossain*, Applecross, Max.] It must not be inferred that this name is extant. Applecross is now a' Chomraich.

*aber gellaighe*, Abergeldie.] G. Obar Gheallaidh.

*achad an uirghill*, Creich. Inv., xx. 118.] G. Ach-uirgil. *Celt. Rev.*, ii. 365.  
*achad in blae*, Auchinblae, Jo.

*achad in dobhuir (?)* Auchindoir.

*achad in ghrraighe*, Aughengray, Jo.

*achad in iarainn*, Auchenairn, Jo.

*achad laogh*, Achleach, Max.

*achad manach*, Auchmannoch, Max.] A guess, probably correct.

*achad na bò*, Achnaba.] G. Ach' nam bà. Here I omit a number of *achad* names, of which the Gaelic has long been lost; the resuscitations are guesswork.

*achad na sealg*, Auchnashalloch, Ross-shire.] G. Ach' na seileach.

All doubtful guesses. The Gaelic pronunciation of these names is now irrecoverable.

<sup>1</sup> The words within the square bracket are quoted from the *Onomasticon*.

*achad na sian*, Auchnasheen, Ross-shire.] G. Ach' na sìne.

*achad réidh*, Achray, Jo.] G. Ath-chrathaigh, possibly Ach-chrathaigh ; cf. Cray in Glenshee, Perth, G. Crathaigh.

*ailech na naomh*, Sk.] G. na h-eileacha naomha.

*aircharidan* . . . now Glen-arochedan and Glen-Urquhart.] It is now Gleann Urchardain, Englished Glen Urquhart.

*airidh ubhalghirt*, Ariequhillart, Wigtownsh., Max.] A guess.

*alt na con guise*, r. in Rogart; Inv., xix. 182.] An impossible form; I do not know the stream.

*alt gurbh mór*; Kildonan.] Leg. a. garbh m.

*alt tigh leana*, in p. Laing.] Leg. Laирg.

*amhann sgeithe*; Lairg; Inv., xx. 110.] G. Abhainn Sgeimhidh, Celt. Rev., ii. 236.

*amon*; *Aven*, *Awyne*, the Almond r. Perthsh.] G. Aman; Aven, Awyne cannot be forms of it.

*árd*; an árd; the Ord of Caithness, Max.] G. an t-Ord Gallach.

*ard achadh*; Ardoch in Perthsh., Jo.] G. Ardach, i.e. árd+suffix -ach; it has nothing to do with achadh.

*ard gaoithe*; Ardgae al. Ardgay, al. Bonar Bridge.] Englished Ardgay; Bonar Bridge is on the other side of the Kyle of Sutherland, an Caol Catach.

*ard malaith*; Ardmaddy nr. Loch Etive.] Leg. on Loch E.

*ard na teineadh*; or a. na teine, Ardentinny; it may be hill of the furze.] All guesses.

*ard ros*; Ardross in Perth, Max., Jo.] Ardross in Ross-shire is the place given by Jo. G. Ard Rois.

*áth maelrubha*, Amulree, Jo.] G. Ath Maoil Ruibhe.

*baile an deoraidh*; Ballindore nr. Applecross, Sk., ii. 412.] Ballindore is near Kilvarie Loch in Muckairn, and this is what Skene says.

*baile maeddín*; Balmaeden al. Ardchattan, Jo.] G. Baile Bhaodan.

*b. na gobhan*, or *béal na gobhan*; the Ross family of Balnagown.] Baile nan gobhan is the seat of the Ross family. Not 'béal n. g.'

*banabh*, Banff.] Authority not given, but G. of Banff is Bainbh.

*bárr na seilge*; Barnshalloch, Galloway, Max.] A bad guess.

*benn an chuirn*, Bendorn, Golspie.] Ben Horn is meant; Norse.

*benn cruachan al. cruachan beinne*.] G. Cruachan Beann. i.e. Cruachan of Peaks; it has five peaks.

*benn na muice duibhe*, Benmacdui.] Really MacDuff's Hill.

*benn ratha* in Reay.] G. Beinn Ràth.

*benn shuidhe*, Ben Hee, Lairg, Inv., xx. 105.] G. Beinn Shìdh.

*blá beinn* in Skye.] G. Blàbheinn, Blaven.

*both chaisil* or *both chaistil*; Bochastle, Max.] G. Both Chastul.

*bochuidir*, Balquhidder; seems nr. Breadalbane.] !

*caille chronan*, Killichronan, Mull.] Cill Chronan.

*carn bhalair*, Dl., 108.] The Dean's spelling is carn vallire, Carn Bhalair is merely MacLauchlan's spelling on p. 109; carn wallir, p. 58.

- cell ernáin*, Killearnan, Ross and Sutherland, *Inv.*, xviii. 198, Jo.] G. of both Cill Iùrnain.
- cell m'aedóic*, Kilmadock Menteith.] Pronounced Kilma-doeck; not from Aedóic.
- cell maelrubha*; Isle of Kilmolrue nr. Applecross, Sk., ii. 412.] The isle referred to is placed by Skene (*loc. cit.*) in Muckairn, Argyll.
- cell mo bheonóig*; Kilmaveonog in Atholl.] G. Cill Mo Bheònaig.
- cell riabhach* (?) Kilravock.] G. Cill Reathag.
- cell tolorcain*, Kiltarility.] G. Cill Taraghlaín.
- cell tighernaigh*, Kiltearn at Beauly.] G. Cill Tighearna nr. Dingwall.
- cenn giusaig*, Kingussie, Max.] G. Cinn a' ghiùthsair.
- circhend*, prob. Kirkintilloch.] Circhend is the Mearns.
- cnoc an éireannaich* (hill of the Irishman) Kildonan.] Éirionnach in place-names with us often means a castrated goat, and it probably does so here.
- conal g. conil*; Connal Ferry; Dl.] The Dean's spelling is connil; better, fa gonvell, p. 94; G. a' chonghail.
- cúilodair*, Culloden.] G. Cuil-lodair.
- cuil an rois*; Culross, Sk., recte Cuilendros Lec.] Pronounced now Cooros; it means 'holly point.'
- cúl na buaile*; Colaboll, Lairg, *Inv.*, xx. iii.] G. Colabol; Norse.
- dal*; a tribe common in Scotland, etc.] Leg. 'a name,' etc. and it is better written 'dail.'
- diúra*, Jura; Doirud Eilinn, Sk. i. 264.] Doirad Eilinn means 'enslavement of Elenn.' The reference to Jura is a mistranslation of Skene's.
- doirad eilind*.] See above. Under *elend* the correct translation is given.
- dreollainne*; seems nr. France.] Reputed a poetic name for Mull.
- druum fhinn*, S.E. boundary of Glenlyon.] This is Drummond, G. Druimínip; old locative of druim.
- duir-inis*, Macdougal of Dl., 90.] The Dean has duncha durrinssi, Duncan of Diurinish opposite Bunawe. G. Diùrinis, Norse 'Deer point,' same as Durinish Skye; Durness.
- dun duirn* . . . may be Dundurn at E. end of Loch Earn.] The doubt seems needless.
- dún locho*, Dunlochy in Scotland.] ? Inverlochy, Lochaber.
- dun ollaig*, Dunolly D. Ollaimh Down Olle, Dl.] The Dean's spelling is zownolle (genitive).
- fedreth* now Fedderab, nr. Deer.] Leg. Fedderat.
- glen ailbe* in Angus.] Not identified; it is prob. Glen Isla, the old form of which appears to have been Hilef. At any rate Hilef seems to represent Ailbe. (Cf. Skene, *Chron. P. and S.*, p. 136.)
- glen archain*, Glen Urquhart or Loch Arkaig.] More likely Gleann Urchaidh, Glen Orchy.
- glen da ruad*, in W. of Scotland facing Ireland; nr. L. Etive (?) Glen-darul in Cowal (?).] Glendaruel, in G. Gleann dà ruail, seems the only possible There is no such name anywhere nr. L. Etive.

*glen eitchi*, seems to be *Glen Másain* facing Ireland; nr. L. Etive.] *Glen eitchi* is Glen Etive; G. Gleann Eite.

*glen láid*; al. G. Laigh; G. Lui in c. Aberdeen, or a glen nr. Ben Laoigh in Argyle are suggested.] Why not *Glen Loy* in Lochaber?

*glen garaidh*; Glengarry, Dl., 111] The Dean writes *glen gar*, which is the present pronunciation of Perthshire Glengarry, but the Dean's reference is to Glengarry in Inverness-shire.

*inber áir*, Inverary.] This is Ayr. For Inverary see at abh réidh above.

*inis cait*; ch. in d. Dunkeld.] St. Chad was the patron of Logierait.

*inis mocholmóg*; Inchmahone.] Leg. Inchmahome.

*iona*; scribe's error for *Ioua*, the real name of the island.] But *ioua* is fem. of *iouus*, and is an adj. agreeing with *insula*; i.e. it is not the name of the island, but a Latinised adjective formed from the name of the island. Similarly we say 'an t-eilean Sgitheanach,' where Sgitheanach is an adjective formed from Sgith, Skye.

*lagmannarib na n-iñnsed*, Norse of the w. Isles.] i.e. the lawmen, 'brieves' britheamh's. Hence Lamont.

*linn sailech la h Ultu*.] Cf. an Linne Sheileach, in English Loch Linnhe.

*loch abae*, stagnum Abae fluminis.] Loch Awe; certainly not Loch Avich.

*loch crogreh*; stagnum Crogreh; in Scotl. or Irel.] But Adamnan says that Columba was staying in Coire Salchain when the peasant from Loch Crogreh came to him, and Coire Salchain is a distinctively Scottish name. Crogreh is most likely *Loch Creran*, formerly *Loch Creveren*, connected with Loch Etive by Glen Salach.

*loch diae* seems nr. Drum Bretan.] Otherwise *Nigra Dea* (lóch i. dub); now the *Lochy*, G. Lòchaidh, in Lochaber, or, the *Lochy* at Tyndrum.

*loch eitchi*, Loch Etive (?)] This is Loch Etive; the *v* of Etive represents *gh*. Cf. éitigh, O. Ir., étig, adéthe.

*loch rosso*; Colman Becc dwelt in Stagno Rosso, c. Don. (?) but prob. King's Co.] But *Loch rois* is in Islay, and Colman Becc made an expedition into Islay.

*loirgg ecclat*; Loch Arklet, nr. Lomond, Sk., i. 273.] The equation is impossible. Loirgg ecclat or *eclaith* is one of the many làirig's or passes in Perth or Argyll. Loch Arklet is in G. Loch Aircleid.

*ráith erend*, Faelan of; nr. St Fillan's, Loch Earn.] This may be right, but the fort near St. Fillan's is Dundurn, and it is just possible that the rath in question was Ratearn near Dunblane.

*ráith inbhir amon*, at mouth r. Almond in W. Lothian, Sk., i. 381.] Reference to Skene will show that he prefers to place it on the Perthshire Almond, near its junction with the Tay.

*saeltir*.] Cantyre. Satiri of the Norse sagas.

*sale r.* in Scotland.] Sheil (southern); G. Seile.

*scrubleith*, Sterling in Scotland?] Strubleith, Stirling.

*sele*; betw. Seile and Subhairn, Dl., 110.] The Dean writes, eddir selli is sowyrnni. The other is Dr. Maclaughlan's.

*strath ethairt* in Perthsh.(?) possibly Strathyre; *Celt. Rev.*, v. 341.

*teóra tréna ceneil loairnd*, i.e. Cenél Salaig etc.] Leg. Cenél Fergusa Salaig.  
*Inber Feran*, Inverferan al. Dingwall.] Theiner's *Vet. Mon.*, the authority  
referred to, gives Inverferan, which is a rather poor attempt at Inbhír-  
pheofharain (Inver-peffer), the name by which Dingwall is always  
known in Gaelic.

W. J. WATSON.

*Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry*. Translated by Kuno Meyer. London :  
Constable and Co. Ltd. Pp. xiv + 114. 3s. 6d. net.

The charm of ancient Irish literature lies partly in its intrinsic merits, partly in its complete originality. Its development was independent of classical tradition. The coming of Christianity to Ireland meant no struggle between the vernacular and Latin; on the contrary, it marked the beginning of a flourishing primitive Christian literature in Irish. The golden age of Irish civilisation was in the sixth and following centuries, and it was during this period of literary activity that the old oral literature handed down by many generations of bards and storytellers was written down in the monasteries. The troubrous times of the Norse invasion wrought havoc among these treasures, but 'from the eleventh century onward we have an almost unbroken series of hundreds of MSS. in which all that escaped destruction was collected and arranged. Many of the tales and poems thus preserved were undoubtedly originally composed in the eighth century; some few perhaps in the seventh; and as Irish scholarship advances, it is not unlikely that fragments of poetry will be found which may be claimed for the sixth century.' It is chiefly from these sources, but partly also from Continental MSS., that Dr. Kuno Meyer takes the originals here translated. They represent the work of professional court bards on the one hand, and of unattached poets, monk or itinerant bard, on the other. The subjects consist of myth and saga, religious poetry, songs of nature, some love songs—the love song is very rare in ancient Irish—specimens of bardic poetry, miscellaneous poems, and quatrains. The work of translating Old Irish is exceedingly difficult, and no one is better fitted for it than Dr. Meyer, either in respect of exact scholarship or in respect of feeling for style. His translations are remarkably close, accurate and felicitous, and short of reproducing the complex rhythms and assonances of the originals, which is of course impossible, they convey an excellent idea of their strength, freshness and directness. Lovers of Gaelic and lovers of true poetry will find a treasure in this admirable book, for which they will thank the translator.